The California Catholic

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FRANCE IS CATHOLIC.

Devotion of Her People to the True Faith.

Many Daily Attendants at Early Mass.

Magnificent Churches Which Show in a Substantial Manner the Faith that Prompted Their Erection.

The untimely death of the lamented President Carnot of France, together with the demonstrations of grief and respect accorded his memory in his own and other lands, as evidenced by the memorial services and requiem masses in every civilized country, the latter being largely attended by the respective rulers and by embassadors of every nation, including our own President, who was present at the church of St. Matthew in Washington, Sunday, July 1st, at the solemn requiem mass, in company with the representatives of various countries, including even China and Corea, should serve to bring to the minds of Catholics, and also the fanatics who are now engaged in the profitless work of butting their heads against a stone wall, inasmuch as they endeavor to injure in any way the divinely founded church of Jesus Christ, and the one with which He has promised to be for all time, and that the gates of hell should not prevail against, the absurdity of the claim that the Catholic Church is the one of the ignorant or the unthinking. Here in our own country we have many Catholics of humble birth and perhaps of limited education, but it is also a fact that the sons and daughters of such parents, after enjoying far more advantages than their parents in this respect, still remain faithful to Mother Church, and have in many instances taken their places among the leading lights of our statesmen, soldiers, scientists, members of the judiciary, and of the learned professions in general.

Now while in some countries or localities of great cities one might feel somewhat on the defensive in being a Catholic, in France an entirely different condition of affairs prevails. In the great churches of Paris and other cities of France may be seen day after day enormous congregations, representing largely the intellect, culture and wealth of that country.

The average reader looks upon France as a very wicked country, and possibly this may be so to some extent, but I am inclined to consider the French like the little girl who "when good was very, very good, and when bad was horrid." The large attendance in the numerous churches of Paris and the amount of devotion exhibited is a source of at once surprise and gratification to a Catholic coming from such a country as our own. Here, while much devoutness and piety are evinced on every side, we still have, if I may make use of the expression, somewhat of a business way of entering a church, saying our prayers or attending the sacrifice of the mass; but in France the churches are continually well filled with the devout, who at all hours are present in greater or less numbers to pay their respects to the Blessed Sacrament, or perhaps to offer a petition at the shrine of Mary, so well loved, and who has in return so greatly favored France.

Another fact which appeals to an American, is the large number of men, young and old, daily attending mass or present at various occasions in the churches; in many instances largely outnumbering the women. The churches of France, while somewhat less remarkable than many of those in Italy, are still wonderous monuments to the faith. Principal among these are the Madeleine — St. Mary Magdalene's of Paris, upon which recently a dynamitard attempted to show his sympathy with the A. P. A. movement by exploding a bomb in the doorway only in the inscrutable ways of Providence, to lose his own life in the attempt.

This superb edifice the fonndation of which was laid by Louis XV in 1764 is purely of the Grecian order of architecture, and as such is the most massive and beautiful structure now extant.

Napoleon, who found the structure only partly complete, intended it as a temple to victory, but the Great Architect of the universe had different designs, and it is now the most accessible church of Paris and numbers many thousand devout worshipers, principally of the influential and wealthy classes.

About the centre of Paris, on an island of the Seine, stands the stately Notre Dame; the cathedral of the archbishops of Paris, many of whom have worn the martyr's crown, having been sacrificed to the passions of the rabble, as was Monsignor Darboy, Abbe Deguerry Cure of the Madeleine and four others, condemned to death by the Commune in 1871, in retaliation for the death of six Communists. The blood-stained robes of the Archbishop are still to be seen in the sanctuary of the Cathedral, where are also shown relics of the True Cross, a fragment of the Crown of Thorns, one of the nails from the Cross, the robes worn by Pius VII upon the coronation of Napoleon, and many other articles of sacred and historical value.

The Basilica of the Sacred Heart on the only decided elevation of Paris—the heights of Montmartre—has been much written of. Commenced in 1870, it is still unfinished, something over five millions of dollars being already expended in its construction, and upon which it is proposed to expend about two million more. Words fail to convey any idea of the massiveness and magnitude of this grand edifice, and the site is a truly ideal one, overlooking as it does all of Paris, and being hallowed as the spot upon which Ignatius Loyola celebrated his first mass.

Among the other churches of interest are the Sorbonne, in which repose the remains of Richelieu, St. Germain des Pres, the oldest church of Paris still retaining its original features; during the revolution used as a saltpetre manufactury, it is again devoted to the service of Almighty God. The Chapelle Expiatoire, erected by Louis XVIII to the memory of Louis XVI and Marie Antionette, and many others too numerous to mention. But the metropolis is not the only repository of sublime monuments of the Faith; the grand cathedrals of Marseilles, Lyons, Tours, Nice, Toulouse, Montpelier, Avignon, and other cities, and the thousands of beautiful churches crowned with the emblems of man's redemption, or here and there, as in Notre Dame de la Gare of Marseilles, with a figure of Mary Immaculate, attest very plainly that France, erratic and wicked as it is in many quarters, is still firmly Catholic, and it requires no prophetic vision to discern that it must always remain so or drift into infidelity, other religions making little or no headway there. Let us hope that this favored land will always be true to its past history and tradition, and will deserve for all time, as it has in the past, the proud appellation of the Eldest Daughter of the Church.

C. L. B.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

Convention of the Catholic Union in Fremont, Ohio.

Many delegates and prominent church dignitaries have been in session several days during the past week in Fremont, Ohio, for the twenthird annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Ohio, and the first annual convention of the Supreme Commandery of the Knights of Father Matthew. Among the prominent prelates present were Most Rev. Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati, and Right Rev. Bishops Horstman of Cleveland and Watterson of Columbus.

Solemn high mass opened the ceremonies, and thirty priests assembled in the Sanctuary. Committees were appointed and reports from different societies were read. A reception was held at the residence of Hon. Thomas McSheehy. The convention concluded its labors by an election of officers and a grand temperance rally.

A Brahmin was received into Catholicity at Pisa lately.

BROOKLYN CATHEDRAL

A Movement on Foot to Resume Construction.

It Will Cost Some Two Million of Dollars.

Commenced Thirty-four Years Ago, But Nothing Has Been Done Within the Last Two Decades.

There is a movement on foot in Brooklyn to resume work on the great Cathedral begun during the administration of Bishop Loughlin.

The idea has attained instant popularity in Brooklyn, where the Church has grown from poverty to prosperity. In place of six struggling churches in Brooklyn, when John Loughlin was consecrated first bishop of the diocese, there are now sixty-two in the city alone. Those who urge the erection of the great Cathedral says the Philadelphia Times, point out that thirty-two years ago, when it was projected, there were but a handful of Roman Catholics in the diocese, while now there are more than 300,000. Old St. James' Church, in Jay street, built seventy-two years ago, was chosen by Bishop Loughlin for his Cathedral in 1853, but it is antiquated, small and no longer suitable for the purpose, nor worthy of the second diocese in size and wealth in the United States.

The site for the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, on Lafayette avenue, was purchased from Jeremiah Spader, in 1860, for $75,000. In June, 1865, ground was broken for the "new Cathedral," and three years later, on Sunday, June 17, 1868, the corner-stone was laid with great pomp and ceremony.

Archbishop John McCloskey, afterward Cardinal McCloskey, delivered the sermon, and the event was made the occasion for the mightiest religious demonstration ever witnessed in Brooklyn. The streets were literally thronged with people from Long Island, New York and New Jersey; the housetops in the vicinity of the ceremony were crowded. Archbishop McCloskey and Bishop Loughlin were surrounded by bishops and clergy arrayed in the richest vestments of their offices. For some time the work of rearing the Cathedral pile was prosecuted vigorously. Then everything stopped. The walls, risen to a height of about ten feet, ceased growing, and the grass began to spring up about the builder's stone that lay untouched at the foot of the walls. A high board fence was built all round the site, and for twenty-four years the place has been an exciter of the curiosity of strangers passing through Lafayette, Clermont, Vanderbilt and Greene avenues, for the site included the whole of that splendid square at the very apex of the "hill."

As has been stated, the ground cost only $75,000, for it was far out from Brooklyn's center of population. Today this bit of land would be cheap at $1,000,000, for the city has grown all around it and is four times as large as when the Cathedral was projected. The late Bishop Loughlin was wont to say when asked why he did not continue the work of building the Cathedral:

"Money is scarce, and I will not run my people into debt. Besides, we need more parish churches that poor people may attend, and St. James' is a good enough cathedral for me."

And so the positive and hard-working Bishop went on dotting the landscape of Brooklyn and the rest of his diocese with sanctuaries and schools, asylums and refuges, and moss gathered on the low walls of the "new cathedral." Now it is hoped that Bishop McDonnell will complete the giant structure, which will cost about $2,000,000.

People who care to look through the cracks in the high board fence that almost surrounds the site may see two parallel walls, each four feet thick, with massive piers and abutments at close intervals, and the feet of giant towers at the corners nearest to Clermont and Vanderbilt avenues. These parallel walls are the sides of the nave that was calculated to seat 8000 worshipers. But the grass and weeds grow high in the immense open space, and even a mound of a hundred loads of sand that has lain for more than twenty years where the altar will be has become grass grown, and the small trees and shrubs have struggled through between the building stone that lies about and put forth shoot and sprig and leaf.

The stone used for the walls, which had risen to the height of the window sills, is blue granite, laid in courses of broken ashler, varying from eight to sixteen inches in thickness. The trimmings are of light gray, and the window decorations were to be of buff Ohio freestone, while the pillars of the doorways were to be of red granite.

Cardinal McCloskey, Bishop Loughlin and Francis Curran, the builder of the Cathedral, have gone the way of all flesh, and Patrick C. Kelly, the architect, who drew the plans for this noble edifice, is a feeble man, past 70 years of age, and living at 357 Clermont avenue. The great Cathedral, planned by Mr. Kelly, together with the chapel, vestry and episcopal residence, is to occupy the whole of broad square. The Cathedral, fronting on Lafayette avenue, will have a depth from the massive towers to the rear wall of 354 feet and 264 from the entrance to the altar, while the breadth to the transept will be 180 feet and in the body of the auditorium 98 feet.

The Cathedral was planned in the French Gothic style of the thirteenth century, known as the "decoration period," with its clustered shafts, richly traced windows, statued embellishments, pinnacles and gabled canopies. The front of the Cathedral will be 160 feet wide. There will be two towers flanking the entrance and standing at angles with the front line and Lafayette avenue. Their bases are each 50 feet square, and they will rise to an altitude of 350 feet at the top of the crosses, which will stand on the gracefully tapering spires. The west tower will hold a clock and great bell, while in the east tower a chime of bells will be placed, and stair turrets will afford an ascent of 245 feet in either tower. Two other towers will stand at the transept. They will be 27 feet square at the base and rise to a height of 185 feet. The roof will be 112 feet above the street. Oak beams and rafters covered with slate will form this roof, and the walls on which it rests will be 57 feet high. The nave and transept ceiling will be 85 feet high, and the aisle ceiling 56 feet high.

The nave will terminate in an apse of five sides, under which the altar will stand. This Sanctuary was built as a part of the wall of St. John's chapel and the building now used as a vestry in 1878, and its unfinished side may be seen from Lafayette avenue. It is 54 feet deep and 85 feet wide. Its five sides are niched for statuary. At either side of the statuary are arches for entrances to St. John's chapel on one side and the vestry on the other.

The interior decorations of the Cathedral were planned on a splendid scale. The fine large chancel windows will receive paintings representing the Annunciation, Nativity, Crucifixion, Resurrection and Ascension, and in the east transept window will be a representation of the Coronation of the Virgin, while a picture of St. Patrick will be in the west window. The rose window will bear St. Cecilia and an angelic choir, and the other windows will be appropriately decorated. The ceiling will be of open woodwork, the pillars will have carved capitals and the chancel will have canopied niches and triforium arcades, frescoed in gold and colors. The altars, reredos and tabernacles will be of Italian marble, as will be the steps of the sanctuary.

St. John's Chapel and the vestry were built in accordance with Mr. Keely's original plan, which made them a part of the giant Cathedral structure, and that is why the interior of the apse, where the sanctuary of the Cathedral will be, is now seen from Lafayette avenue. St. John's Chapel, which was dedicated December 8, 1878, is a pretty sanctuary, 40 by 90 feet, fronting on Clermont avenue, and reached by a covered way of wood. It seats 400 people, and the pastor in charge is Rev. James H. Mitchell, chancellor of the diocese, who lives at 101 Greene avenue.

The "vestry" fronts on Vanderbilt avenue. These two buildings are in harmony with the general plan, which also includes two small chapels, one in the face of either great tower of the Cathedral. The episcopal residence is a massive house of granite, at the corner of Greene and Clermont avenues. It was completed six years ago, and Bishop Loughlin removed to it eighteen months before his death, on December 29, 1891. It is four stories high, with a French roof. The moss covered walls have made silent but pathetic appeal to the generosity of Brooklyn Catholics. It would certainly not only be a becoming tribute to the memory of Bishop Loughlin, but a signal testimonial to the executive ability of his successor, if the structure could be pushed to rapid completion. For such an edifice there is no finer site in the city, which, possessing as it does so large a representation of Catholics, certainly ought to be able to boast of a fine Cathedral.

ROOM FOR MANY.

The Smallest Congregation in the Country Building a Large Church.

The smallest Catholic congregation in the United States, if not in the world, is located at Elmer, Salem county, N. J. There are eleven communicants at present, and they are under the charge of the Franciscan Fathers of the church of Sts. Peter and Paul of Camden.

The little community has commenced the erection of a mission chapel which will cost $3000, and for the edifice have selected a design which will be a worthy monument to their zeal.

The building will be of wood, with brick foundations and tin roof. The chapel proper will be 40x26, with an extension of 13x19 for the sanctuary and a sacristy 12x12.6. The chapel proper will be 34.6 from the communion rail by 25 wide and the ceiling 22 high. The seating capacity will be 182. The building will be in the Gothic style. A gilded cross, 6 feet high, will surmount the tower. The windows will be glazed with cathedral glass, with suitable emblems. From the size of the building and its seating capacity, the congregation must expect considerable increase.

Matthew Arnold struck deep into human experience when he wrote:

"Yet tasks in hours of insight willed
May be in hours of gloom fulfilled."

Here, above all—in the executive part of life—we must hold fast to the principle of taking ourselves at our best. And the best here often means, not the day's actual work, which may be worthless enough, but the dominating motive with which we have taken up the whole of life's task. What drudgery! what pettiness! what failure! we often cry, when, if we would but look back to the original resolution with which we set out, we might again see it to be heroic, and the drudgery and pettiness and failure to be only the dust along the road where a radiant purpose is marching on to its goal.

Mgr. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, Illinois, has just purchased a renowned picture of the artist Scifoni. The piece, which has evoked universal admiration in Rome, where it was recently completed, represents the Savior seated upon a circle of clouds and offering to the Eternal Father the work of man's redemption. The picture, it is said, is distined for the chapel in the Cathedral of New York.

Some men of a secluded and studious life have sent forth from their closet, or their cloister, rays of intellectual light that have agitated courts and revolutionized kingdoms; like the moon which, though far removed from the ocean, and shining upon it with a serene and somber light, is the chief cause of all those ebbings and flowings which incessantly disturb that restless world of waters.—Colton.

The President of the University of Notre Dame, Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C.S.C., is probably the youngest man in the United States occupying a similar position.

IN THEIR LAST DITCH.

Local A. P. A.'S Attack the Sisters of Mercy.

A Depraved Woman Posing as a Martyr.

They Find a Pliant Tool in Stockton and Concoct a Story to Fit their Ideas.

There is unadulterated joy in the camp of the local A. P. A. There is a smile as wide as Hell Gate on the oleaginous face of the guileless Henry. Even Dille has ceased his dallying, and Hirst has silenced his loud voiced mouth in view of the grave accusations that are being made against a Catholic institution located in this city.

The cohorts of the A. P. A. pass the word around, and as the tale is carried from one to another, it would take all the devilish ingenuity of "ex-priest" Slattery and his wife to concoct such another. Oh, but it is terrible, it is really awfully awful, it is so soul-harrowing. It is a wonder that the American eagle does not grab the institution up in his talons, and drop it out of sight.

But to the tale. For many years the Sisters of Mercy have had charge of the Magdalen Asylum on Potrero avenue. Hundreds of dissolute women and depraved girls have been committed to their charge by due process of law. Others have gone there voluntarily, and all have been treated with Christian charity. In many cases these girls and women, saved from a life of sin and a grave in the gutter, have become as far as lay in their power respectable women. It is to this class of unfortunates that the Sisters direct their attention, and it is from one of this class the story which has brought such great joy into the camp of the A. P. A. has emanated.

The story had its birth in Stockton. A gullible reporter on the Mail of that city, ran across "a plump, little woman, who seems much younger than the nineteen years she has lived, and who does not show any traces of ill-treatment or poor food," and she filled his mind and incidentally his notebook with a tale of her ill-treatment at the Magdalen Asylum. The woman's name is Daisy Thompson and she is a sister-in-law of A. J. Harris, a well-borer of Stockton. According to the young woman, her sufferings were intense at the asylum.

According to Daisy's story she was committed to the Asylum, "because she was under age, and had no legal protector." The records of the Police Court from which she was committed tell however, a far different state of affairs. The records of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which are open to inspection to any who doubts the woman's character, will substantiate the statement that the accusations against her are such that no paper could even hint at the causes that lead to her arrest. A paper that would more than record the fact of her commitment would not be admitted into a house, so disgusting are the details of her career prior to her admission into the asylum.

According to Daisy's story she was committed on June 16, 1890, and she gave her age to the committing magistrate as seventeen years, entitling her to a discharge when she atained her eighteenth birthday. When the time came around she was so satisfied with her treatment that she voluntrrily signified her intention of remaining at least six months longer, which time was extended for a year, making in all eighteen months, during which time she was a voluntary inmate of the asylum, free to go at any time, the Sisters merely insisting that her relatives or friends should procure a situation or a home, that she might not return to her old haunts and dissolute companions.

During the time of her voluntary stay, after the time for which she was committed had expired, Daisy remained as the guest of the Sisters of Mercy, neither her brother-in-law with whom she frequently corresponded, nor any of her friends contributing toward her support. Finally, Harris wrote to the Sisters, telling them of having secured a place for his sister in-law, and of his intention of calling for her on a certain day. Daisy and a companion, on the morning of the day Harris was to call for her, attempted to run away, but were stopped by one of the attaches of the asylum before they had proceeded far. The Sisters did not inform Harris of her attempted escape, in order not to injure her in the eyes of her relatives.

During the latter part of her voluntary stay in the asylum every attention was shown the woman, and her reformation appeared complete. She was docile, tractable and apparently very devout. On the morning of her release she accompanied one of the Sisters to St. Peter's Church, and attended mass. When the Thompson girl entered into the asylum she was in such a deplorable physical condition that special arrangements had to be made for her care, and for a time it was necessary for the health of the inmates to allow her as little intercourse with them as possible.

Yet in face of this kind treatment the woman tells a tale of woe. According to the story of this Daisy the food is of the coarsest description, and often unwholesome, the punishments are very severly, even the Sisters indulging in the pastime of beating the girls about the head with their fists and knocking out their teeth. There are dungeons, deep, dark and cold, in which rats hold nightly revels. Ducking in cold water is also practiced; in fact every form of punishment or annoyance known to be efficacious in subduing uncontrollable subjects is used by the Sisters in the institution, according to Daisy Thompson's story.

It is not known here what kind of a man Daisy Thompson's brother-in-law is, but the character of the woman herself is obtainable from the criminal records of this city. The officers who arrested her, and who watched her course for some time before making the arrest, are used to various degrees of depravity, but they place Daisy Thompson's record on the very lowest plane. Inured as these men are to disgusting details of crime, they cannot find words to express their opinion of the previous record of the woman who now poses as the accuser of the Sisters of Mercy.

It is not necessary to go into details to answer the accusations brought by the Thompson person against the Sisters. Grand juries have time and again visited the Magdalen Asylum. Jurors have gone singly and in numbers, and their coming was not expected. Other city officials have visited the institution; police officers are cognizant of the treatment accorded inmates, and one and all bear the highest testimony of the kind yet firm treatment of the Sisters of Mercy. Catholics do not need to be told this. Protestants can find out for themselves. Let them visit the Magdalen Asylum at any hour of the day, go unannounced, tell the Sister who opens the door of their desire to inspect the asylum, and they will be escorted from cellar to dome. If at meal time, the food given the inmates will be given them for inspection, in fact anything that can in reason be done will be done by the Sisters to show the workings of the asylum.

The story told by the Thompson woman to the Mail reporter, is being repeated for the delectation of select coteries of members of the A. P. A. It would be well for them in order to be fully able to laud their new found martyr of a Catholic institution, to call upon Gen. McComb or Officer Holbrook, at room 95, of the Donohue Building, corner of Market and Taylor streets, and get her record. They can revel in a tale of filth that would put Zola to the blush, and make the writers of erotic fiction look to their laurels.

It is on such baseless fabrics as the story of the Thompson woman is founded that the main stock-in-trade of the A. P. A. is drawn from. For twenty years the Sisters of Mercy have had charge of depraved girls, and in all that time, until the appearance of Harris and his sister-in-law on the scene, has anything ever been said against them. The reason for it is obvious. Harris belongs to the A. P. A. His sister-in-law—well, her record is easy of access.

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SATURDAY - JULY 14, 1894

Order of the Forty-Hours Devotion

In the Churches and Chapels in the Diocese of San Francisco, for the month of July.

July 15—Ninth Sunday after Pentecost.
St. Patrick's, San Francisco.
St. Alphonsus', Suisun.

CALENDAR

For the Week Ending Saturday, July 21

15—SUN.—Ninth after Pentecost—St. Henry II, (1024).
16—MON.—Our Lady of Mount Carmel.
17—TUES.—St. Alexis (Recluse, 417).
18—WED.—St. Camillus of Lellis, F., (Servants of the Sick, 1604).
19—St. Vincent de Paul, F. (Lazarists, Sisters of Charity, 1660).
20—FRI.—St. Jerome Emelian, (Regular Clerks of Somascha, 1637).
21—SAT.—St. Praxedes, V. (164).

The last encyclical of his Holiness Leo XIII., which is regarded in all circles as likely to be the last paper of the kind he will issue, has been received in this country by his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons. Owing to interrupted communication the full text has not yet been received, and only fragmentary extracts have been telegraphed. These serve, however, to give an idea of the scope of the encyclical which is written in the terse and vigorous style of the Pope. It is addressed to the people of the United States, and brief paragraphs from the portions telegraphed are as follows:

"It is with the same burning charity that we now turn toward those people who in a more recent age, under the influence of exceptional convulsions, temporal and material, left the bosom of the Roman church.

"Forgetful of past vicissitudes, let them raise their spirit above human things and consider the church founded by Jesus Christ. If they will then compare their own churches with this church and see to what a pass religion has come with them, they will admit readily that, having forgotten the primitive traditions in several important points, the ebb and flow of variety had made them slip into new things, and they will not deny that of the truths which the authors of this new state of things had taken with them when they seceded hardly any certain formula remains."

In regard to the church's relation to the State the encyclical says: "This liberty, however, need not arouse ires and antagonisms, for the church aspires to no power and obeys no ambition. What it desires solely is to preserve among men the exercise of virtue, and by this means assure their eternal salvation. More than this, having regard to the requirements of all societies, it sometimes waives the exercise of its own rights, as has been shown abundantly with its conventions with different States. Nothing is further from its thoughts than to trespass upon the rights of civil authority, which in return should respect the rights of the church and beware of usurping any part of them.

"And if now, we can consider, what tendency do we see by many churches? Suspected, disdained, hated, accused, and, what is worse, no efforts are spared to bring it under the yoke of the civil authority.

"Its property is confiscated and its liberties narrowed; its education to aspirants to the priesthood is hampered; religious societies are dissolved or forbidden.

"The State has its own fights and duties. The church has hers. Between them should be bonds of strictest concord. So surely would be suppressed the unrest visible in the relations of church and State.

"May God, so rich in mercy, God who holds in his power the times and the propitious hours of his infinite goodness, grant our prayer and hasten the promise of Jesus Christ, 'There shall be one one fold and one shepherd.'"

The Stockton Mail has always enjoyed a high position among the newspapers of this State, but in giving space recently to the story of a depraved woman, has fallen from the high pedestal on which an hitherto unblemished career has placed it. It ought to be apparent to anyone of ordinary common sense that such a tale as the one the Mail is authority for, must be untrue. The man Harris, the Stockton well-borer, can have but little regard for his sister-in-law when he permits her to give out such a story. Decent and intelligent people will condemn any paper publishing such rot. For the man Harris, reveling in the woman's misfortune, language fails to convey the degree of contempt people will have for him. He ought to dig the deepest well he can, pull himself and the Mail after him, and then pull the hole down on top of both. None but the members of the A. P. A. will mourn the loss.

The Catholic Review of New York makes an admirable suggestion. It says: "Wherever there is a public library, the Catholics of the neighborhood should combine to raise a fund to contribute, say, one hundred first-class Catholic books to it. If they don't do this, they will lose a great chance to spread knowledge and truth." The idea if carried out here might meet with some opposition, but it would be an excellent means of increasing the number of volumes at the Free Library, for instance.

The last issue of the Star, under the able management of James H. Barry, marked the tenth birthday of that paper. The Star has experienced many vicissitudes in these ten years, but it has always come out ahead, and is today shining brighter than ever. In whatever cause Editor Barry enlists his sympathies, he is sure to battle to the end. His constancy in this regard has won him many friends.

"We want both Hell Gate and Golden Gate closed and padlocked against the ignorant and the vicious from all lands," says the organ of the erudite Henry, chief "bazoo" of the A. P. A. As far as the Golden Gate is concerned, Mr. Henry may have his wish. But Hell Gate is open for you, Mr. Henry, and Satan himself will see that it is kept open.

The name of the A. P. A. paper of this city is a misnomer. Instead of being called the American Patriot, it ought to be called the American Traitor.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

Important Changes in the Directors of Several of their Schools.

The primary departments of Sacred Heart College opened on Monday. The attendance exceeded that of any previous year. A surprise was in store for the scholars, for Brother Gennebern, who had been so long identified with the institution, had been transferred to St. Mary's College, Oakland. In his stead, Brother Alexander, the newly appointed director, welcomed them.

Brother Alexander is one of the best known and most popular members of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. He is almost a Californian, although born in Massachusetts, having resided here for over thirty years. He enjoys the distinction of being the first graduate of St. Mary's College to enter the order. He entered the college in 1866, two years before it came into charge of the Brothers, and after his graduation in 1870, entered the order. He was for a time located at the Sacramento Institute, being first teacher under Brother Cianan. He has been at Sacred Heart College since it was founded.

A number of other changes have also been made. Brother Walter of St. Mary's College has been placed in charge of the Sacramento Institute, and Brother Cianan, the former director, is at St. Mary's College. Brother Lucius, formerly of Sacred Heart College, has been placed in charge of St. Michael's College, Portland, Or. Other changes are impending.

The Isthmus Railroad at Panama was completed and opened for traffic in 1855.

TYPEWRITERS.

Opinions of Them Dictated to One of Them by an Accomplished Stenographer.

More trash and nonsense are written about typewriter girls by people who do not understand what good typewriting is or how to dictate to a typewriter than about any other profession or any other business in which either men or women are engaged today. The fact of the matter is that typewriting is worth anywhere from $5 a week up to $20 or $25, which is sometimes paid as a weekly salary to expert typewriters who have no knowledge of shorthand.

It is no unusual thing for typewriters to earn at folio work from dictation by stenographers $2 an hour and over, and the finest experts are worth every cent of that amount of money. Among stenographers $1 an hour is the ruling rate, and for that $1 a good typewriter with an expert dictator will transcribe from 30 to 40 folios an hour of testimony. In some cases even 40 folios an hour of solid matter have been dictated. Forty folios is two columns of The Sun, and of the men who write about dictating to typewriters as though they knew about it there are probably not half a dozen in the country who can dictate so much.

Many years ago the writer was employed as shorthand amanuensis by George Alfred Townsend, well known as "Gath," who habitually dictated to him in shorthand two columns an hour and did it every day in the week two hours a day for months at a time, indicating every full stop, semicolon, quotation mark and paragraph. If "Gath" dictates to a typewriter now and has one of the best in the business, no doubt he can dictate from a column and a half to two columns an hour of original matter, and the writer knows of no other man who can do that. Of course there are plenty of incompetents who pose as typewriters and who bring the business into discredit by their poor work. For many years the writer has been thrown in contact with expert typewriters in his business as an official stenographer. In view of the many gibes and sneers in which newspaper writers indulge on the subject of typewriter operators of the feminine gender, it is matter of simple justice to say that the women with whom he has been associated in his business have been without exception well educated, refined, capable of doing rapid and accurate work, who attended strictly to business and did not waste time with frivolous remarks.

It seems unfair to judge of any business or profession by the weaklings engaged therein, whether the work be law, medicine, the ministtry, shorthand or typewriting, and any one who cannot accomplish twice as much dictating to a good typewriter operator as with a pen is unable to do that either because he does not know how to dictate or because he has an inferior operator. It took just eight minutes to dictate this article to a typewriter who does not claim to special expertness and whose charge was 25 cents.

(The above was not altered in any respect by the editor, and the printers were requested to follow copy. The reader may therefore judge of the accuracy both of the dictator and the typewriter.)—New York Sun.

Why Beer Kegs Are Made So Thick.

It takes a long while for a beer keg to wear out. It has a tough constitution and is protected from internal decay by a coat of pure and hard pitch. The pitch used on the modern keg is much superior to that formerly used. It is clear, tasteless and tough. An empty beer keg will stand a great many hard knocks before the pitch scales off.

The kegs wear out, when they do wear, externally. They are wet and dry alternately, and this promotes decay. Then they get a great deal of unnecessary banging around between the time they leave the brewery and are brought back again. Everybody, from the driver and railroad and steamboat hands down to the barkeepers, seems to think the kegs are indestructible. A whole car load of empty kegs is frequently thrown from the car down to the ground. A single empty keg is often thrown 15 feet. It really isn't necessary to make the kegs as heavy, so far as the keeping of the beer is concerned. They began by being made heavy in the old days. The brewers then deemed it absolutely requisite to make them that way to withstand the pressure of the beer. The very fact that they were made heavy and clumsy subjected them to rough handling. Now they have to be made heavy and extra material has to be put into the heads and staves simply because of this handling and not from any danger on account of the internal pressure of the beer.—Chicago Tribune.

Easy to Make a Strong Cigar.

A tobacco manufacturer who moves in a select coterie of tobacco loving friends was recently told by one of those connoisseurs that he had yet to find a cigar that was too strong for him to enjoy. Acting on the suggestion, the manufacturer took occasion to have a cigar specially constructed of stems and neatly covered with a rich, appetizing Havana leaf, rolled into points at both ends. This he presented to his friend with the wish that it might prove strong enough to suit his taste. Suspecting nothing, the friend proceeded to smoke, and was soon surprised to see coals like redhot nails exuding from the end of the cigar. As the skin peeled off his tongue his brain began to reel, and he soon gave up in an old fashioned attack of nausea. He no longer boasts of his capacity before people who are in the business.—Philadelphia Record.

A Discovery.

Little Girl—It's all nonsense 'bout ole maids never tellin their age.

Little Boy—Why?

"Queen Elizabeth was an old maid, wasn't she?"

"Yes."

"Well, the paper says Professor Dryasdust is goin to lecture on 'The Age of Elizabeth,' so there."—Pearson's Weekly.

AWFUL ABSINTHE.

THE HORRIBLE DRUG WHICH IS POPULAR IN FRANCE.

Its Chief Ingredient Is Wormwood, and It Poisons the Body and Burns Away the Brains of Its Victims—The Wickedest Intoxicant In the World.

During the Algerian war, which lasted from 1844 to 1847, the French army were more in danger from African fevers than from Algerian enemies. Several things were tried as antidotes or preventives by the skillful army physicians. Finally absinthe was hit on as the most effective febrifuge.

The soldiers were ordered to mix it in small quantities three times a day with the ordinary French wine. The luckless happy-go-lucky privates grew to like their medicine, which at first they swore at bitterly for spoiling with its bitterness that beautiful purple vinegar they fondly fancy is wine. But when absinthe alone began to usurp the time honored place of claret in the affections of the French army the evil became an unmixed one.

Absinthe straight as a beverage is a direly different thing from absinthe mixed as a medicine or an occasional tonic. The victorious army on their triumphal return to Paris brought the habit with them. It is now so widespread through all classes of Parisian society—and Paris gives the cue to France—that Frenchmen of science and publicists regard the custom of absinthe tippling as a vast national evil.

The consequence of the use—and use of this drug ripens to abuse, even with men of unusual will power—has been in France disastrous to a dreadful degree. Many men of remarkable brilliancy have offered up their brains and their lives on the livid altar of absinthe. Baudelaire, who translated all Poe's works into French, had a terribly grotesque passion for the pleasant green poison. In one of his mad freaks this minor French poet actually painted his hair the same tint as the beverage that corroded his brain, possibly from an odd fancy to have the outside of his head correspond with or match the inside.

Alfred de Musset, who was the French Byron, plus a tenderer, naiver touch, also fell a victim to the drug after George Sand gave the final smash to his fragmentary heart. Guy de Maupassant is reported to have burned his brains away with the same emeraldine flames. The brain disease caused by this drug is considered almost incurable. Far worse than alcohol or opium, it can only be compared to cocaine for the fellness of its clutch on poor humanity.

Yet we take it occasionally as an after dinner settler of digestive debts in this country, and quite often as an appetizer or tonic before meals, while in New Orleans, throughout the older quarter, little cabarets, devoted almost exclusively to the sale of it, are quite common.

What, then, is this dreadful drink composed of, and how is it made? The answer is easy enough, though the process, to insure perfection in the evil, is not so. Absinthe may be technically described as a redistillation of alcoholic spirits (made originally from various things—potatoes, for instance), in which, to give it the final character, absinthium with other aromatic herbs and bitter roots are ground up, or macerated, in chemist lingo.

The chief ingredient is the tops and leaves of the herb Artemisia absinthium, or wormwood, which grows from two to four feet in great profusion under cultivation, and which contains a volatile oil, absinthol, and a yellow, crystalline, resinous compound called absinthin, which is the bitter principle. The alcohol with which this and the essentials of other aromatic plants are mixed holds these volatile oils in solution.

It is the precipitation of these oils in water that causes the rich clouding of your glass when the absinthe is poured on the cracked ice—double emblems or warnings of the clouding and the crackling of your brain if you take to it steadily. Thus every drink of the opaline liquid is an object lesson in chemistry that carries its own moral.

Some barroom Columbus, ambitious to outdo Dante and add another lower circle to the inferno, recently invented or discovered the absinthe cocktail. A little whisky—the worse the better—a dash of bitters, a little sugar and plenty of iced absinthe make about the quickest and wickedest intoxicant in the world.

The continued use of absinthe gives rise to epileptic symptoms as an external expression of the profound disturbance of the brain and nerves. One large dose of the essence of the wormwood indeed has been noted as causing almost instantly epileptiform convulsions in animals. But the drug is not without its uses from a broad point of view. As the name implies, it is an anthelmintic, or a pretty sure cure for certain kinds of animal life that sometimes infest the intestines of men, causing pain and death. This peculiar property was well known to the Greeks, who had a wine infused with wormwood called absinthites.

In some parts of Germany wormwood is used in lieu of hops for the brewing of certain brands of beer, and it unquestionably has valuable tonic properties. Absinthe is made almost everywhere, except in the extreme tropics, and the New York variety is just as good—or bad—as any. The duty on French absinthe is very high—$12 a case of a dozen bottles.

The first effects of it are a profound serenity of temper and a slight heightening of the mental powers, coupled with bodily inertia. This is the general rule; but, as a famous physician once remarked of a dreadful disorder in his lecture room, "Gentlemen, the chief glory of the beautiful disease I am now explaining is the remarkable variety of its manifestations."—New York World.

LIFE IN PHILADELPHIA.

A Glimpse Behind the Scenes In an Old Fashioned Home.

The old time darky butler and the well scrubbed, spotlessly white marble doorsteps used in old days to be almost universal adjuncts of a well kept establishment in Philadelphia. Even now among the old conservative people the ancient landmarks still exist. In certain houses the matutinal maid can yet be seen at an impossibly early hour with her pail and scrubbing brush, effacing the marks of the previous day's travel on her mistress' beloved doorsteps and polishing up the brass knocker on the big white door, which an hour or so later will be opened by a grinning old negro butler in a white waistcoat—an amiable functionary who converses affably with his master as he helps him on with his coat and comes out on the step to watch him walk away.

"It is like going back several decades to stop at Mrs. A.'s," exclaimed a New Yorker who had recently returned from a visit to the Quaker City. "Everything is so precise and well ordered and so stiff and so wonderfully clean. Every chair has had its accustomed place for years, and the routine of the house is like clockwork. All the servants are colored, and from George Washington Curtis, the butler, down to Phemie, the kitchen maid, all are as black as the ace of spades. The maids all wear huge white aprons, with wide, stiff strings, and snow white turbans, and as for George Washington Curtis, he is altogether the most magnificent gentleman of my acquaintance. Having lived since his boyhood in what he considers the 'fust families of the country,' he has a lofty scorn of modern fashions, and he ignores all the latest expressions entirely.

"'Is Mrs. A. in the drawing room?' I asked the first morning of my arrival.

"'Miss Sally (Mrs. A.) am in de parlor,' he answered rebukingly. 'De young ladies dey take de drawing lessons up stairs in de schoolroom.'

"'Let me help you wif dem puffs, missy,' he said one day when I was vainly striving to poke my big sleeves into the armholes of my jacket. 'I likes to see de young ladies wif dere wings all a-spreadin—dey looks like de angels, shuah,' he concluded, with an elaborate bow and beaming countenance. He was very quick to resent any criticism of the existing order of things in the establishment. One day after having had to hurry away from an agreeable tea to reach home in time for the 6 o'clock dinner I was rash enough to observe when he opened the door for me and cautioned me to make haste: 'How early you dine here! At home we never have dinner before 7:30 or 8.'

"'Why, dat's jist like de pore folks' supper. Does your pore pa have to work so late?' was his quick and resentful reply."—New York Tribune.

Worth the Price.

In a down town barber shop the other afternoon a man with the top of his head entirely bald, but with a fringe of long hair beginning at a point where the hat rests upon the head, jumped in a chair and wanted a hair cut. The obliging barber faithfully did this, carefully trimming off the long locks on the side, and nicely brushing them down when completed, in lieu of enough on top to make a part. Sliding out of the chair, the customer asked the charge and was informed that a quarter of a dollar would pay for fixing him up.

"Isn't that a rather high price for a man to pay with as few hairs as I have?" inquired the customer expostulatingly.

"No, sir," quickly replied the witty barber; "it's worth double the price for the time in hunting for the stray hairs."

The man paid the price and left the shop without saying a word, while the barber chuckled to himself.—Washington Post.

The Asphalt Gait.

"Have you noticed," observed a horseman to the delegate, "that since our streets have been improved with granite and asphalt all the horses have acquired a new gait? Yes, they have lost the graceful carriage that is natural to horses, and go along with a little dinky jog, as if they were about to fall down, but wanted to save themselves if possible. You don't see a free movement on city horses any more. The fault has extended to the finest coach horses. In addition to the artificial asphalt gait, as it might be called, horses are not as intelligent nor long lived as formerly. The constant dread of falling on the slippery streets causes a mental strain that tells on the animal's vitality, mental and physical."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Sagacious Bobbie.

Mrs. von Blumer—Is that a new rug your mamma has, Bobbie?

Bobbie Bings—No; that's one she brought in from the other room. But you mustn't take it up.

Mrs. von Blumer—Why not?

Bobbie—'Cause there's a hole in the carpet.—New York Herald.

The Same Thing.

Dick Hicks—I overheard Mrs. Dix say that I needed a spanking.

Mrs. Hicks—She said you needed a stern hand.

Dick Hicks—I suppose that was her polite way of putting it.—New York World.

YARNS ABOUT GOULD.

INCIDENTS SHOWING CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FINANCIER.

He Avoided Newspaper Men, but a Denver Reporter Trapped Him Once—Sent One Man to Jim Keene—How He Learned That Whisky Was a Bad Surveyor.

There was nothing he detested more than newspaper notoriety. He used to dodge reporters, and only one of them, as far as known, ever fairly outwitted him. Fred Skiff, the city editor of the Denver Tribune, detailed reporter after reporter to interview Mr. Gould during one of his visits to Colorado, but each brought back word that the little railroad king would not be seen and had posted sentinels all along the hotel corridors to drive intruders away. So Skiff set out to do the job himself. He hunted up a friendly Pullman car conductor and borrowed his uniform. Then he walked into the hotel and up the stairs.

"Look a-here," said he to the first sentinel he met, "what does Mr. Gould propose to do about that car? I must know right away, for if he isn't going to use it tomorrow I've got to take it back to Chicago."

The sentry knew nothing about the car, of course, and advised Skiff to see Gould about it himself. So Skiff successfully ran the gantlet of the half dozen lackeys, growling all the time about the bother of being compelled to attend to other people's business. Judge Usher, one of Gould's attorneys, who was in consultation with his client when the bogus sleeping car conductor was shown in, immediately recognized Skiff, having known him back in Kansas.

"When did you get out of the newspaper business?" inquired the astonished lawyer. "I ain't out of it," replied Skiff, "but I had to put on this disguise in order to get in here to interview Mr. Gould."

"Young man," said Mr. Gould sternly, "if you're a reporter, you can take yourself right out of the room, for I am not to be interviewed."

Skiff argued the point and not being invited to be seated coolly sat down on the floor.

"Unless you put me out," said he, "I shall stay here till you tell me what your plans are."

This audacity pleased Gould. He looked at Usher, and seeing the lawyer chuckling heartily broke out into a loud laugh.

"Well, what do you want to know?" he said finally in the tone of a man who is wearied with objecting.

Skiff knew he had triumphed. He produced his notebook, drew up to the table at which Gould sat and set industriously to work putting out questions and noting the replies. The result was a reliable forecast of the immense railroad enterprise in which Gould subsequently embarked, and of which the public would not otherwise have been forewarned.

Less happy was the fate of the Chicago reporter who followed Gould by rail down into Indiana and finally overhauled his special car and knocked at the door. Mr. Gould responded in person, and the reporter held up his card so that his victim could read it through the glass window.

"The Chicago Bugle wants your opinion," he shouted, "on the question of refunding the 6 per cents."

Mr. Gould regarded him through the glass with such a frigid expression that the interviewer has shivered at the mere memory of it ever since, but finally opened the door on a crack and asked:

"Young man, do you want me?"

"Yes, sir. I want to interview you on the subject of"——

Mr. Gould began to shut the door.

"On the subject of the devil!" yelled the indignant reporter as he saw all his hopes fading away.

"Young man," said Mr. Gould, opening the door once more an inch or two, "on that subject you had better see Jim Keene. He's got all the points and is anxious to give them away to spite old Flood!"

Gould always believed that the secret of his ability to overcome others in any contest of wits was his temperate habit of life. He never tasted whisky but once. In the days when he was a surveyor in a small way and was mapping a county on the practical line of getting lodgings and meals of the farmers in exchange for marking correct sundials on their doorsteps he became tired one hot, dusty afternoon. He came to a country tavern. In his pocket was a 5 cent piece. It suddenly struck him that as a medicine to relieve faintness he ought to buy a glass of whisky with his nickel. "I was ignorant of bar usage," he said once in describing the incident to a friend, "and so when a glass and a bottle were set before me I filled the tumbler chock full. The bartender made no protest, and I swallowed the big horn. Then I went my way, trundling my wheelbarrow like measure of distances and occasionally taking the bearings with a sextant. Never in my life had my work gone off half so blithesomely, and for awhile I felt as though making a map of the starry heavens instead of a very dusty portion of this mundane sphere After an hour or more of exaltation I grew sleepy and took a long nap under a tree in a field. I awoke with an awful headache and found that the figures entered in my notebook during the time of extra steam were quite incoherent. I was fully convinced that whisky was a bad surveyor, and I have never tried it for any other purpose."—Cor. Kate Field's Washington.

Tea as Medicine.

In some forms of heart disease tea proves a useful sedative, while in others it is positively injurious. Many cases of severe nervous headache are instantly relieved by a cup of strong green tea, taken without the addition of either milk or sugar, but it should be only occasionally resorted to in such cases, it being much better to avoid the cause.—New York Journal.

SELECTIONS

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

To the Shrewd Paris Police Official There Was Something Tragic About It.

Paris is just now shaken with unholy mirth over the tribulations of a commissary of police. A certain lady went to the Bon Marche the other day and stole a quantity of valuable lace. She was arrested forthwith and turned over to the police. The culprit was invited to dine that evening and begged the authorities to let her notify her expectant host, but as the authorities are not tender to thieves they calmly ignored her request. That evening M. Prelat, the police official from the left bank of the Seine, hired a cab and went to the guilty woman's rooms.

There he found so many stolen goods that he rummaged through the entire place, and packing all the stolen effects in a big black trunk got his cabman to aid him in taking it down to the carriage. The next morning the gentleman whose dinner was spoiled by the absence of his fair guest called to see what was the matter. He rang and pounded unavailingly, so the concierge produced a pass key, and they both stood aghast at the terrible condition of the apartment. The case was plain. A malefactor, probably an anarchist, had got in on some pretext. The disorder of the room denoted that his victim had fought desperately for her life, but he had murdered her and stuffed her corpse and all the valuables he could find into a missing black trunk.

The friend flew off with cries of despair to notify the police of the quarter of this awful crime. The concierge related the whole affair to a knot of curious bystanders, which speedily expanded into a dense crowd. The police took down the description of the criminal who stole the black trunk and the description of the cabman who drove a white horse, ordered the locks changed on the apartment so that no one could enter without the knowledge of the police and then withdrew with dignity. Half an hour later, while the crowd was still staring at the murder stained house, the cab with the white horse drove up to the door, and the supposed murderer alighted. He was instantly denounced by the irate concierge, and being utterly unconscious of his own supposed misdeed was nearly lynched before he sufficiently realized the situation to produce his police badge, when the crowd respectfully dropped him. We rather dislike the police in Paris, but we certainly stand in wholesome awe of them.

The unoffending commissaire then found himself locked out of the apartment, owing to the precautions of the police, and was forced to send for his colleague to open the door for him. His search for stolen goods was successful, as he netted about $3,000 worth. The only people in Paris who do not perceive the farcical side of this situation are, first, M. Prelat, who came near being lynched and was knocked about roughly by the mob for the perpetration of a crime that never was committed; the officious friend, who raised all this bother, and the lady herself, who is gloomily meditating behind prison bars on the inconvenience attendant on her breach of the eleventh commandment, "Thou shalt not be found out."—Paris Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Curious Fish.

"Being something of a naturalist," remarked A. L. Bellows of Camden, N. J., "I have always been fond of hunting up queer instances of animal instinct and have fond few more curious than the habit of a fish belonging to the genus 'geophagus,' which is found in the rivers of Brazil. These fish may be frequently seen in shallow water accompanied by a brood of 20 or 30 young ones. Should any cause of disturbance, especially any imminent danger, present itself, these young fishes disappear in an instant. On such an occasion, several years ago, I caught the parent in a hand net, and on opening its mouth I found it filled with the young packed away toward the gills and filling the entire cavity. When I mentioned the fact to the natives, they informed me that it was well known to them, and that it was continued until the young attained a considerable size."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Imposing Glacier.

About 13 miles from Cooke, on the Rosebud, is a grand and imposing glacier at least 150 feet high. Upon its glistening surface the bright sun looks down as it has for ages and in no way affects this icy mirror below. Here and there are immense cracks or fissures where the awe stricken adventurer can look down into unknown depths.

The strangest part of this glacier is that all over its surface in vast multitudes, and particularly near its base, lie great grasshoppers in a perfect state of preservation. At the base they are heaped up in windrows and present a curious spectacle. There is field for much speculation and room for wonder and admiration as we stand and view this vast glacier and its burden of grasshoppers.—Phillipsburg (Mon.) Call.

Subterranean London.

It gives an impressive idea what subterranean London is fast becoming to learn that, on emerging from the river, the new city and Waterloo line will, in its passage up Queen Victoria street, run for a part of the way underneath the low level main sewer, which in its turn runs along beneath the District Underground railway, so that at this point in the city we shall have first a busy main thoroughfare, below that a steam railway, then a huge metropolitan sewer, then an electric railway, reaching its terminus at a depth of about 63 feet below the streets, and here it will communicate with another line—the Central London—which will lie at a depth of 80 feet.—London Daily News.

SUMMARY OF A WEEK

Dedication of St. Anthony's School To-morrow.

Forty Hours' Adoration at St. Patrick's.

Increased Attendance Over Previous Years At All the Schools Now Open.

A large number of the Catholic schools of the diocese opened on Monday, and the increased attendance was a very gratifying proof of the appreciation of parents. The higher classes will not open for a couple of weeks yet. In all other respects the week was an unusually quiet one.

St. Patrick's.

The Forty Hours' Adoration will commence tomorrow morning with a solemn high mass at 10:30. The devotions in the evening will commence at 7:30. Rev. P. C. Mulligan of St. Charles' Church will preach the sermon. Immediately after high mass, there will be a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, in which the various sodalities and societies of the church will participate.

Solemn high mass will be celebrated at 9 o'clock on Monday morning. The sermon in the evening will be preached by Rev. Father Foley. The devotions will be brought to a close on Tuesday morning with a solemn high mass at 9 o'clock, followed by a procession.

The Holy Names' Sodality will receive Holy Communion at the 8 o'clock mass on Sunday.

The attendance at the parochial schools which opened on Monday, exceed that of any previous year. In the boys' school on Everett street, nearly 250 scholars were enrolled. At St. Vincent's School, the attendance reached over 300.

St. Anthony's.

The school building which will be attached to the new German church located on Twenty-sixth street will be dedicated to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon by his Grace, Archbishop Riordan. It is only a few months ago since the project of erecting a church was undertaken by the Franciscan Fathers. Early in the year plans were drawn, and it was first determined to erect a school building. This is now complete.

The building contains four classrooms, but only two of them will be used for the present. The other two will serve as a temporary chapel. The Dominican Sisters from the Immaculate Conception Academy at Twenty-fourth and Guerrero streets will supply the teachers. The school will be opened on Tuesday, and there is every prospect of a fair attendance.

Work on the church building has been stopped on account of the impossibility of obtaining brick. It is the hope of the Franciscan Fathers to have the church completed in time for dedication before Christmas.

St. Ignatius.

The preparatory department of St. Ignatius College, which opened on Friday of last week is already so crowded, that Rev. Father Allen is seriously considering the necessity of declining to receive any more pupils. In the grammar grades appearances indicate that there will be an equally large attendance. Many former pupils of the public schools are already engaged in taking the preliminary course of instruction in order to fit them for the classes their standing in other schools would entitle them to. The curriculum of St. Ignatius College, based on the number of years attendance in school is higher than that of the public schools, hence intending pupils will see the necessity of preliminary preparations.

Alameda.

Work was commenced this week on the new church, and it is Father Sullivan's intention to push it forward as promptly as possible. The committee appointed to supervise the work are giving it due attention, and in a great measure relieve Father Sullivan of many little details.

The stereopticon exhibition of views of the Holy Land on Sunday evening was very well attended and thoroughly enjoyed by all. The views were very fine and the lecture entertaining.

San Bernardino.

The closing exercises of St. Catherine's Convent were held on the evening of the 29th ulto. The program presented showed very careful training on the part of the teachers, and reflected great credit on both them and the pupils. The audience was large and appreciative and thoroughly enjoyed the program. The principal feature was a drama in four acts entitled "The Reverse of the Medal," and was preceded by a dialogue and Spanish song by the boys and pupils of the Spanish class.

Anaheim.

The closing exercises of St. Catherine's Academy took place on Wednesday, June 26th. Certificates and testimonials were awarded to the following pupils: Virginia Nicolas, Juanita Salabeiri, Felicita Salabeiri, Helena Gosch, Emilia Bachs, Adela Portio, Louise Knapke, Josephine Knapke, John Dauser, Peter Dauser and Jas. Lyons.

Here and There.

The Alpha Social Club will give a benefit performance at Saratoga Hall on Tuesday evening, the 24th inst., for St. Joseph's Home, Park Hill. The drama in three acts, entitled "The Would-be Millionaire" will be presented. The admission fee has been fixed at 25 cents. A good program and a worthy charity should insure a large attendance.

Rev. Fathers Moeller and Finnegan, S. J., who conclude their Mission at St. Patrick's Church, West Oakland, tomorrow, will begin a Mission at St. Peter's Church on Twenty-fourth street, on Sunday, the 22d inst.

Rev. George Osbourne, assistant at St. Rose's Church, has been transferred as pastor to San Pablo. Father McNaboe intends going East.

The new bell for St. James Church will be blessed tomorrow (Sunday) after the 9 o'clock mass.

OUR LADY OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

[From the French.]

O Mother Mary! when to heaven away
Your Jesus mounted on Ascension Day,
(Leaving you exiled in a land of woe,)
Ah! whither did your lonely spirit turn?
Despising earth did it, ecstatic, yearn
To Paradise with your Belov'd to go?

When white-wing'd angels came to Olivet,
Say, did they find you with wide eyes and wet,
Up-looking with His chosen ones to heaven?
No! No! a wondrous mystery was here,
To fix your heart upon this lower sphere,
Where other children to your love were given!

The Church (new founded) the small Christian band
Needed protection from your mighty hand,
Stretched forth most tenderly to its defense.
When from our sight our Father had withdrawn,
It was the duty of our Mother lone
(His living image) comfort to dispense.

Radiant with glory tho' in heaven he reigns,
Our Jesus still upon the earth remains;
He lives, good Mother, 'neath the altar veil.
Ah! then rejoice, your weary exile bless,
Your life can have no void, no bitterness,
While here your treasure in the Host you hail!

The Child whom once your virgin womb enclosed,
The God who once upon your knee reposed,
Here in the Tabernacle dwells apart!
Vainly the elements would, cloud-like, hide
The Presence of the Bridegroom from His Bride—
Salutes she here the pole-star of her heart!

Near Him, dear Queen, you taste the tender joys
Of other days. You speak—you hear His voice—
The union of your spirits naught can rend.
Soul of your life, He lives within your breast,
(As once within your womb he loved to rest)
Your Child, your Spouse, your Father and your Friend!

What does it matter then if grief, distress,
Life's cup o'erflow with floods of bitterness?
Your Paradise is Jesus' blest retreat!
From all earth's chalices you drink, sweet Dove,
Inebriating draughts of light and love,
Delights which heaven alone can make complete!

—Eleanor C. Donnelly.

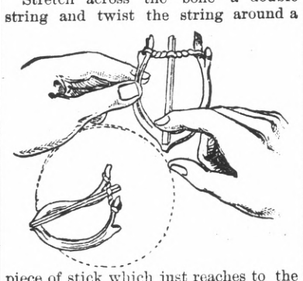
The Rev. Jose-Maria G. T. Ouseley, lately a clergyman of the Anglican Communion, has been received into the Catholic Church by the Very Rev. Prior of the Carmelite Church, Kensington, in the Chapel of Our Lady.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

The Jumping Wishbone.

Here is an interesting suggestion: When the turkey has been duly served and nothing is left but a pile of bones, pick out the "wishbone"—the bone which is shaped like the one shown in the illustraiton.

Stretch across the bone a double string and twist the string around a



piece of stick which just reaches to the top of the bone. On this point place a bit of soft pitch or any very sticky substance strong enough to grip the end of the stick; then place the wishbone on the table, and when the twisted string has overcome the resistance of the pitch the bone will jump high into the air. On this principle "jumping frogs" are made.

The Foolish Rooster.

"Here, chick, chick!" called Harry, opening the gate of his poultry yard.

He had just traded off a small colony of rabbits for half a dozen fowls, and he was very proud of them, for they were beautiful birds, especially Narcissus, the handsome rooster.

He really shone in the sunlight as he came hopping out, with his scarlet comb, green tail and navy blue wings and breast. But I think his pretty head must hold a very small brain.

As soon as Harry let him out for exercise he stalked straight to the cellar window and gave it a savage peck. Then he stopped to crow and then rushed at it again, fiercer than ever.

You see, he thought that his own reflection in the glass was another bird, and he wanted to fight with it.

And so he could not take a stroll in the green grass, nor scratch in the flower beds, nor even peck at the grasshoppers and beetles that the hens made such a fuss about. He only fought his own shadow till it was time for him to be shut up again.

I think his brain must be very small indeed.—Youth's Companion.

Clipping Their Claws.

One of the hardest tasks that the keepers in museums and zoological gardens are ever called upon to perform is to trim the claws of certain wild animals. This is necessary, because if it were not done once in awhile the claws would be apt to turn into the flesh from lack of exercise. In the wild state the animals use their claws so much in climbing, etc., that it keeps them sharp and wears them down to the right length. In captivity, of course, they cannot do this, and their keepers have to resort to all kinds of tricks to accomplish it. Even our pet cats find it necessary to sharpen and shorten their claws occasionally and can often be seen scratching on the bark of trees for that purpose.

Little Ruth Looked On.

Little Ruth Cleveland made her first public appearance in Washington recently, when she went with her mother and her governess to see the amateur performance at Albaugh's theater in which Secretary Carlisle's grandchildren danced. The affair was given by Mrs. Carlisle, with the assistance of a number of young society people, the money to be applied to the repair of The Hermitage, the home of Andrew Jackson.

The Twinkling Stars.

The twinkling stars, with angel eyes, begin to
peep from dark'ning skies;
The daisy hides her lowly head, and dewdrops
light the way to bed.
O Jesus, from thy throne of light
Watch o'er thy little one tonight!

Forgive the sins that I have done since first
uprose the golden sun,
And make my spirit clean and white, like
moonbeams shining pure and bright.
O Jesus, from thy throne of light
Forgive thy little one tonight!

I thank thee on my bended me for those dear
ones thou givest me:
But, with my head on mother's breast, oh, let
me ever love thee best!
O Jesus, from thy throne of light
Watch over those I love tonight!
—Christian Work.

Pat's Explanation.

A car driver in County Clare, Ireland, asked by his fare the name of some berries in the hedge, said:

"Oh, they're blackberries, your honor."

"But these are not black—they are pink," objected the passenger.

"Oh, yes, your honor," returned Pat, "but blackberries are always pink when they are green."—London Truth.

The "Angry" or Sensitive Tree.

The "angry tree" is a woody plant which grows from 10 to 25 feet high. This peculiar tree, if it be disturbed, shows every sign of vexation, even to ruffling up its leaves like the hair on an angry cat and giving forth an unpleasant odor.—St. Louis Republic.

The Text.

A 5-year-old Richmond miss, on returning from church one Sunday, was asked to repeat the text, whereupon she gravely quoted, "There'll be a candy social in the vestry next Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock."

THE WORKING GIRLS' CLUBS.

A Summing Up of Their Aims, Uses and Results.

To the query often heard since the recent Boston convention of Working Girls' clubs, "Are they trying to equalize the wages of men and women for equal work?" the answer is: Many of the clubs are formed entirely of girls and young women who do what is called unskilled labor, who are unlettered and untaught and for whom there must be an awakening, which comes more or less slowly. The very foundations of character must be developed that have not been touched by home influence or even in the shop or factory. Rough natures have to be softened and every effort made to awaken thought. This has been done in a social as well as an educational way, and to brighten weary hours has not been the least and smallest purpose of the clubs.

Many have learned how to have healthy, good times, whose ideas were greatly astray. Dancing is a pleasure which is often indulged in, and in which girls lose their shyness and diffidence. Five cent suppers have been a success in one club, where the girls came directly to the clubroom from their work and enjoyed together the baked beans, fish balls, bread and butter, tea and cocoa. The receipts nearly always covered the expenses, and after the merry meal the pretty china presented to the club by interested friends was washed by willing hands and arranged in the closet ready for the next occasion.

The young man is also being considered, for it must be recognized that young men and young women enjoy each other's company as a law of nature. The society girl has a coming out time when she is formally presented to society and introduced to the young men whom her parents and guardians consider desirable for her to meet. But there is no coming out for the working girl. She has to meet and make her own friends and not always under happiest auspices. A young girl who went to our club was asked why she so often went out after a little while spent in the clubroom. "Oh, you are very nice, Miss A., and I like to meet you at the club, but I shall never get a mash in the world if I don't look round." Yet she was a good, honest girl, who simply had no place of meeting young men save on the street. She could doubtless protect herself and parry any insult far better than a sensitive, unsophisticated girl, who had always been cared for and guarded. One prosperous club has had several dancing parties to which young men were invited. A girl is pretty sure to bring the nicest young man she knows to introduce to her companions and to those whose opinion she has grown to value and desire. In this way acquaintances are formed under wholesome and natural surroundings.

On the educational side there are various classes formed, and as clubs become progressive lectures and talks are arranged on the interesting and vital topics of the day. Classes in millinery, dressmaking and cooking have ever been successful, and these have in view instruction for the purpose of teaching girls to do such work at home and for individual development rather than as trade classes, although some members becoming proficient do take up these occupations as a means of support. Talks upon literature and art, upon writers and painters and prominent men and women of the past and present have opened a new world to many club members, and practical talks upon home nursing, hygiene, emergencies, savings, the eight hour law and trades unions are a part of club life. With growth and development come discussions upon these subjects among members, so that working girls' clubs do stand for everything that is of interest to and for the advancement of women. First come the refining and broadening influences, then the capacity for thought and opinion, followed closely by the expression.

Vacations have become a strong feature in the clubs. Too many women have considered a vacation a luxury which they could never indulge in, and an outing or a holiday enjoyable only at some resorts where crowds do congregate and where there is cheap music, electric lights, plank walks, pink lemonade and merry go rounds. Nature was a sealed book which has slowly unfolded its pages and is delighting and brightening weary eyes. The rest and recuperation derived from the sweet pure air, the quietness and surroundings of the country, grown so dear with knowing it, more than compensate for the loss of time and wages, and what was thought unattainable has now become with co-operation a possibility. This brings us to the keynote of this second convention. The first convention, held in New York four years ago, had for its message self reliance, but this convention had for its keynote co-operation. To the young woman of fortunate circumstances and wide opportunity working girls' clubs offer a chance to know and work with those who need her and whom she needs to know.—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Cleveland.

Mrs. Cleveland has not entertained at all this year. She has even omitted the weekly receptions which she used to have during her husband's first term and which Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKee held so regularly. Since she returned to Washington last fall Mrs. Cleveland has devoted herself almost exclusively to her children and has lived in almost absolute retirement. The first lady of the land has been practically invisible except to her nearest friends, and there has not been as much hospitality at the White House as there was when the president was a bachelor.—Philadelphia Times.

Miss Somes, Artist.

Miss Somes of the Associated Artists of New York has taken up her residence in Washington, and her designs and work in interior decoration are much admired. She has a contract to decorate four dining rooms in the Metropolitan club.

HE NEVER FOUND IT OUT.

Pathetic Tale of a Lost Pocketbook and a Charming Gown.

"What a charming gown that is!" cried the young woman with the picture hat. "I only wish I had one like it, but I never could afford it."

"Neither could I, my dear, if I hadn't lost my pocketbook."

"Good gracious, prosperity has affected your mind! I don't see how."

"Well, you see, Albert gave me the money to buy a gown. I told him it was not half enough, but he protested it was every cent he could afford. I cried for two days about it, and as he didn't give in then I concluded he was really telling the truth, so I started out to do the best I could. I went to every dry goods store in town and never worked so hard in my life, but I couldn't find what I wanted at the price. Finally in despair I decided to take the first piece I had looked at, and oh, Laura, imagine my horror to find when the clerk had cut off that pattern that I had lost my pocketbook!"

"How perfectly awful!"

"Wasn't it? I thought I should die. I knew I would have to tell Albert all about it some time, so I rushed around to his office to tell him in the presence of strangers, when he could not say anything dreadful. I wept and accused myself of carelessness, when he said he would advertise, for I couldn't remember when I had it last nor how much money was in it. His partner was there, and he seemed to feel so sorry for me—he's an old bachelor—that Albert didn't scold much and actually gave me the money the second time."

"And you went and got the gown?"

"Well, no. I had changed my mind about that piece of goods, it had such a cheap look, so I just went home to think it over."

"But you never got that gown cheap?"

"No, I didn't. The fact is, I found my pocketbook on the hall table where I had left it when I took out my car fare to put in my glove. I am so careful of money that I don't like to display much in the cars."

"And what did Albert say when he found it out?"

"He would have said a great deal if he had found it out, but he never did. I knew he'd scold me for carelessness if I told him, so I just kept all the money and bought my gown. I'm so glad you like it, dear!"—Chicago Tribune.

Tariff of Wives.

In the earliest times of purchase a woman was bartered for useful goods or for services rendered to her father. In this latter way Jacob purchased Rachel and her sister Leah. This was a Beena marriage, where a man, as in Genesis, leaves his father and his mother and cleaves unto his wife, and they become one flesh or kin—the woman's. The price of a bride in British Columbia and Vancouver island varies from £20 to £40 worth of articles. In Oregon an Indian gives for her horses, blankets or buffalo robes; in California, shell money or horses; in Africa, cattle.

A poor Damara will sell a daughter for a cow. A richer Kaffir expects from three to 30. With the Banyai, if nothing be given, her family claim her children. In Uganda, where no marriage recently existed, she may be obtained for half a dozen needles, or a coat, or a pair of shoes. An ordinary price is a box of percussion caps. In other parts a goat or a couple of buckskins will buy a girl. Passing to Asia, we find her price is sometimes 5 to 50 rubles, or at others a cartload of wood or hay. A princess may be purchased for 3,000 rubles.

In Tartary a woman can be obtained for a few pounds of butter, or where a rich man gives 20 small oxen a poor man may succeed with a pig. In Fiji her equivalent is a whale's tooth or a musket. These and similar prices elsewhere are eloquent testimony to the little value a savage sets on his wife. Her charms vanish with her girlhood. She is usually married while a child, and through her cruel slavery and bitter life she often becomes old and repulsive at 25.—Westminster Review.

Sewage In Germany.

The claim is made for Germany of having the most complete and successful system of sewage disposal of any country on the continent of Europe. In Berlin, where the features of this system are so perfectly represented, the drains from the houses receive both the rainwater, the refuse water from the kitchen, etc., and the contents of the water closets, conducting them to an arrangement of radial sewers, through which, by a natural fall, they pass to a dozen different pumping stations within the area of the town. From these the sewage, through the medium of combined force and suction pumps, proceeds through pipes of 3 feet or still greater diameter to the land which the corporation of Berlin possesses, the material thence making its final exit through a system of conduits so arranged that, before reaching them, it has parted with all its manurial power to the soil through which it is made to pass. The sewage water thus filtered reaches the river through the natural fall of the conduits in a comparatively purified state.—New York Sun.

With Your Cup of Coffee.

The invalid who is tired of taking her egg tonic with sherry, and who dislikes the taste of a raw egg, may be glad to know that the egg may be effectually disguised in a cup of coffee. Prepare the coffee to the taste, with cream and sugar, keeping it very hot until ready for the egg, which must be beaten thoroughly in another cup, and the prepared coffee added by degrees to it. Drink it hot, and you will find it not only palatable, but strengthening.—Philadelphia Times.

Baked Milk.

Put milk in an earthenware jar. Cover the opening with thick paper and bake in a moderate oven until the milk is as thick as cream. This is often palatable to invalids who do not care for milk.—New York World.

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EW GRAND OFFICERS

ıe Young Ladies' Institute Ends Its Labors.

Marie's" Tribute to the Retiring Officers.

elayed Eastern Delegates to Be Empowered to Organize the Atlantic Jurisdiction.

The Grand Institute of the Young Ladies' Institute closed on Saturday. The first business of the morning was the adoption of a resolution inviting the delegates from Memphis, now stalled at Winnemucca, to continue their trip to the city. On their arrival here they will be entertained by the grand officers and local institutes, and will receive dispensations to establish an Atlantic jurisdiction.

Mrs. D. F. Ragan, Past Grand President, installed the following grand officers: Past Grand President, Miss Ella Comyns; Grand President, Miss Mary Wynne of Vallejo; Grand First Vice-President, Miss Sophie Grote of San Francisco; Grand Second Vice-President, Miss Anna Nason of Butte City, Mont.; Grand Secretary, Miss Josie T. Molloy; Grand Treasurer, Mrs. N. T. Fleming; Grand Inside Sentinel, Miss M. Grote; Grand Outside Sentinel, Miss Mary Flynn. Board of Directors—Mrs. M. Nagle, Sacramento; Miss Nellie Winters, Miss A. M. Potthoff, Miss Belle Boyle, Miss M. E. Sullivan, San Jose; Miss Lizzie Terry, Miss Lizzie Callaghan, Miss M. A. Watson of Vallejo; Mrs. George Richardson, Miss Mary Flynn of Oakland; Miss M. Grote.

Several pleasing incidents marked the closing hours of the session. One was the presentation of a diamond brooch to the retiring Grand President, Miss Ella Comyns. The presentation speech, an original poem, was made by Miss Mamie Donohoe of Gold Hill, Nev. Miss Comyns responded in her usual happy vein.

Miss Harriet M. Skidmore ("Marie") sent the following greeting:

Greeting to the Grand Institute, Y. L. I., July, 1894.

Permit me, worthy officers and members of the Grand Institute, to offer you, in return for your kind invitation to be present at your seventh Grand Council, this heart-felt salutation, which I trust you will kindly accept:

I give ye glad greeting,
O, true-hearted band!
With fervent clasp meeting
Each welcoming hand;
For in our hearts shineth
Love's radiance fond,
And round us e'er twineth
Its sisterly bond.

One pure Faith unites us
With links bright and strong,
And *one* Hope-star lights us
Our life-path along.
Where, through the night falleth
The sweet Voice of Love,
Unceasingly calleth
To fair heights above.

O, ne'er let us sever
Those Faith-links divine,
And let no look ever
Where Hope's star-beams shine,
And tenderly heeding
That heavenly call
Tread safe the path leading
To Love's banquet hall.

To the sweet motto olden
E'er let us be true—
That blessed Rule Golden,
That biddeth us do
For *others*, each tender,
Beneficent deed
We would fain bid them render
To us, in *our* need.

Thus, sharing life's burdens
Till earth-toil is o'er,
We shall win the rich guerdons
Of Love, evermore,
Where souls, sweetly blending,
Shall reap the fair fruit
Through ages unending,
O, blessed Institute!

And now, let me present most sincere congratulations to the newly-elected Grand President and her worthy associate officers (as well as to the Grand Institute, for the admirable choice it has made.)

The faithful and efficient work of their excellent predecessors is most clearly verified by the present Council, and shines as a beautiful example which they will assuredly follow, with unswerving fidelity, thereby leading the Young Ladies' Institute to ever fairer heights of glorious success. I will conclude with the following rhyme of exhortation to perseverance in the admirable work undertaken, and thus far so well conducted by the Institute.

For each noble, useful end
Firmly, grandly work together.
All your strongest efforts bend
To the task's fulfillment, whether
Heaven shall on your pathway send
Sun-illumed or stormy weather.

For this busy century
Scorneth dreams of selfish pleasure.
Practical it's works must be,
Lasting, tangible the treasure
Of it's harvests, full and free,
Reaped with Toil's unstinted measure.

Silent, too, as brooklet's flow,
Ever keep the kindly labor;
When ye aid, or soothe the woe
Of an overburdened neighbor,
Let not Fame before ye go,
Sounding noisy pipe and tabor.

O! the strength of woman's hands
Thus in blest association
Closely clasped; through farth'est lands,
E'en from nation unto nation
Have that union's golden bands [tion.
Power to bind through Time's dura-

Not e'en *Time* the chain shall part,
Nor *one* link immortal sever.
In the strong, true woman-heart
Formed and forged by blest endeavor,
Lo! its bonds, with magic art,
Shall entwine the "vast forever."

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE ("Marie")
Hon. Mem. No. 1 Young Ladies' Institute.

The next Grand Institute will be held in this city during the first week of July, 1895.

The delegates and grand officers were the guests of Adolph Sutro, at the ocean beach and Sutro Heights on Wednesday, and were very agreeably entertained by him, everything being placed at their disposal.

Young Men's Catholic Union.

The newly elected officers of St. Francis de Sales Assembly No. 10, Y.M.C.U., were installed on Thursday evening by Grand President Hanrahan, in their elegantly appointed hall on Grove street. The officers are as follows: Chaplain, Rev. Father Byrnes; President, P. N. Hanrahan; First Vice-President, D. Cronan; Second Vice-President, D. Coyle; Recording Secretary, M. J. Tierney; Financial Secretary, M. Bronner; Treasurer N. J. Collins; Trustees, D. Crowley, J. Hurley, M. Daniels; Inside Guard, M. Kelly; Outside Guard, A. Lynne.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies, the members proceeded to the Louisville Restaurant, on Broadway, where host John Slavich had prepared a feast fit for the gods. Everything that the market could afford in the way of tempting delicacies was provided. Ample justice was done the delicious viands. Covers were laid for forty-two guests, but owing to some misunderstanding the grand officers did not arrive. President Hanrahan presided, and by his ready wit kept the table in good humor throughout the evening. A number of toasts were proposed and fittingly responded to. It was long after midnight when the assemblage dispersed, but the occasion will long be remembered by those who were present.

The London Tablet says: "We understand that it has been definitely decided to begin the building of the Westminster Cathedral, if not immediately, at least in the near future. The new Cathedral is to be upon a scale in every way worthy of its purpose, and on the magnificent site which was secured some years ago opposite the Archbishop's house.

Sister Caroline, a Sister of Charity who made herself famous by nursing the wounded soldiers before Sebastopol in the Crimean war, and who afterwards managed the military hospital during the French campaign in Mexico, died recently in Constantinople, and her funeral was attended by the French embassador with his staff, and the entire French colony of the city.

The Senior Bishop of Christendom, it is believed, is Sofronious, the Patriarch of Alexandria, who is 95 years old, and has been a bishop for fifty-five years. Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis, consecrated 53 years ago, and Leo XIII., consecrated 52 years ago, come next in that respect.

According to the "Annals of Lourdes," there have been during the last year seventy attested cures of different diseases through the intercession of Our Lady of Lourdes, besides the many others not yet proved as miraculous cures by the medical academy established in that town. Most of the cures were desperate, among them being cancers, consumption, paralysis, asthma and rheumatism.

Steps are being taken in Brittany for the erection of a statue to Perrinaic, the companion of Joan of Arc, who was burnt by the English in front of Notre Dame in 1430.

THE WAY IT GOES.

When it's spring, you catch a cold;
Summer time, you're meltin;
When it's winter, wood is scarce—
Sleet and snow a-peltin.

When you've got the cash in view,
Plenty to befriend you;
When you need a dime or two,
Not a soul to lend you!

When you're on the mountain top,
Telescopes to spy you;
When into the ditch you drop,
Whole world passes by you!

Ain't a bit o' use to fret—
Take it as you find it;
Best world that you've been in yet—
Laugh and never mind it!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Hopper Spins a "Pinafore" Yarn.

Some years ago, when the "Pinafore" craze was at its height, the actor who impersonated Sir Joseph Porter during a production of that opera at the Varieties theater, New Orleans, had a make-up which transformed him into an exact facsimile of Admiral Murray of the United States navy, who was then stationed at New Orleans. One night an old salt of Murray's command was sitting in the front row of the gallery. When Sir Joseph Porter made his first entrance, he gazed upon him for a moment as if doubting the evidence of his senses, and then muttered to himself sotto voce, "I'm blest if that isn't old Murray."

Rising from his seat and making a sea scrape, he called out, "Good day, your honor." The special officer was going to eject him, but the manager of the house, who had observed him, forbade it and told the officer to let the old fellow enjoy himself to his heart's content so long as he did not become so boisterous as to disturb the performance.

Whenever Sir Joseph came on or went off the stage, the old salt would rise and honor him with a salute, and after the fall of the curtain he proposed and gave three cheers for Admiral Murray. A naval lieutenant who was present subsequently told me that when the old fellow went on board his ship next day he had to be put in irons for refusing to obey an order from his superior officer unless that functionary would follow the example of the gallant captain of the "Pinafore" and say, "If you please."—De Wolf Hopper in New York Herald.

Bathing Suit of 1894.

Though the woman with a well filled purse can indulge in the luxury of a silk bathing costume, the greater number of the fair sex at the shore will frolic with old Neptune in suits of all wool flannel. These may be made very plain or may be trimmed with great taste.

The neatest suits seen in the stores are made with full skirts and have knee tights and full tights to match. Sandals and odd knitted or rubber caps come with these suits, which are made in black, navy, cardinal, maroon, gray and white. Black, white and red worsted braids in different widths are used as trimming, and this garniture can be put on in exceedingly pretty effects. Cuffs and sailor collar of red or white flannel on blue or black suits are very stylish, although some beautiful models are made with box plaited waists, with the skirt, wrists and down turn collar trimmed with two or three rows of narrow white or red worsted braid.

The best suits range in price from $4.50 to $7. These are for ladies, the suits for children costing between $4 and $6.25.—Philadelphia Record.

Lightning Dissipators.

A good many years ago some one advanced the idea that a wire netting spread over the roof of a house and properly anchored in good conducting soil is an effectual bar to injury by lightning. The claim is that there is what is called a state of electrical stress. This is broken by the flash that descends through an electric air column that extends from the clouds to the earth. By the use of copper latticework, with upright points placed upon roofs, the electric current is attracted, carried through the metal conductors and safely conveyed into the earth without doing any injury whatever. It is, however, of the utmost importance that the anchorage be of the proper sort, as upon this depends the safety of the dwelling.—New York Ledger.

Tea and Coffee as Food.

M. Stanislaus Martin states that, as the result of an experiment on three different criminals sentenced to death who accepted the scientific trial in preference to hanging. No. 1, nourished exclusively on tea, lived three years, and then died. He had become almost a skeleton and was in a transparent condition. No. 2, on coffee, died in two years, burned as if an interior fire had calcined him. No. 3 lived on chocolate for eight months and died in a very advanced state of rottenness, as it were, devoured by worms.—London Lancet.

One of the most startling unanticipated replies on record was that of a young lady versed in all present day attainments, who, in reply to an address, "I want a person of some experience in the nursery—do you know much about children?" cheerfully retorted, "Oh, dear, yes; I've dissected a baby."

Every great literary work has been followed by a host of imitations. After the publication of the "Faerie Queen" the press was deluged with fairy stories, as after Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" hundreds of similar works appeared.

When a man becomes indifferent to women, to children and young people, he may know that he is superannuated and has withdrawn from whatsoever is sweetest and purest in human existence.

Since the beginning of the century 52 volcanic islands have risen out of the sea. Thirty-three of these still exist, and 10 are inhabited.

There are over 3,000 ancient towers in Sardinia, the object of which no one from Aristotle down, has ever been able to determine.

HUMOR

WHERE IGNORANCE WAS BLISS.

The Ungrammatical Young Man Who Did Not See the Point.

An up town young man who is fresh to a degree that surpasses endurance and who persists in talking all the time there is anybody in sight went out for the evening one night last week and met a girl from Boston.

Although the young man talks continually, he occasionally uses some very bad grammar. One fault is particularly glaring. He invariably says "I done it" for "I did it," and as he is continually talking about himself he makes this mistake many times in the course of an hour.

He engaged the Boston girl in conversation and told her some fairy tale about something or other that had happened to him. When he got through, she expressed surprise that such a thing could happen and asked him, "Did you really do all that?"

"I done it," replied the young man proudly.

Then he branched into another romance.

This was even more startling than the first. The girl from Boston listened patiently, and when he had finished politely expressed her great astonishment. "Why," she said, "can it be possible that you did anything so wonderful?"

"That's what I done," replied the young man, chucking out his chest as he made the remark.

The great success of his two stories spurred him to other efforts, and he recited another condensed dime novel for the benefit of the girl from Boston. When he had finished, the girl said, "Oh, do you know you remind me so strongly of Banquo's ghost?"

"You mean the ghost in the Shakespeare play?" inquired the young man in a hesitating sort of way.

"Yes."

"And why?"

"Don't you remember that Macbeth said to him, 'Thou canst not say, "I did it?"'"

And until this day the young man does not know why everybody laughed.—Buffalo Express.

Helped Herself.

The old southern mammy is one of the peculiar and picturesque relics of the past, now almost traditional, so seldom is one found in her native surroundings.

A young southern girl who has been visiting in the north gives this amusing bit of local dialogue which took place after her return to her home in Virginia, where Aunt Car'line, an old colored woman who had always been her attendant, was awaiting on her at table.

"Cream in yeh coffee, honey, same as befo'?"

"Yes, aunty."

"Sugar? Fre lumps, same as befo'?"

"Please, aunty, let me help myself to sugar."

"'Deed, indeedy, yoh don't, honey. Does you drop de lumps in yousef in de norf?"

"Always, aunty."

"Yoh poor chile! I jes' knowed dey 'bused yoh dar. Done put de sugah in her own coffee! It gibs me a misery jes' to t'ink yoh get so fah 'way from home yoh has to do like dat. Dey mus' be pore shifless folks to let yoh do dat, suah enuff."

"And," writes Miss H., "she is still pitying me for having met with such a misfortune and insists on giving me four lumps in every cup as a compensation."—Detroit Free Press.

A Young Idea Shoots.

"Gold is a precious metal," explained the professor, "because of its scarcity. All the gold now in use in the world," he added, referring to a memorandum on the flyleaf of the textbook he was using, "according to careful and trustworthy estimates, could be put within the walls of a room 24 feet square."

"So could all the silver in the world," suggested a little redhaired boy in the class, "if you make the ceiling of the room high enough."—Chicago Tribune.

Begin at Home.

Mrs. Suffrage—It's woman's highest mission to correct the crying evils of the time.

Mr. Suffrage (mildly)—Then wouldn't you better spank those twins and put them to bed before they yell the roof off?—Life.

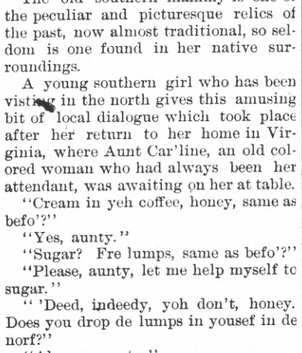
All Gone.

Nodd—I lost $4 yesterday.

Todd—How's that?

Nodd—I made a mistake and gave my wife a $5 bill when I thought it was $1.—New York World.

"Bucking the Tiger."



—Life's Calendar.

The Source.

Mrs. Baldwin (paying a visit at Wynham's country home)—Why, Percy, how tanned you are!

Percy (frankly)—Yes. Papa done it.—Brooklyn Life.

THE OLD SONGS.

Whatever the Vogue of a Style In Music They Never Lose Favor.

It was a hotel parlor; a brilliant pianist had just rendered one of Wagner's most difficult pieces, and a murmur of well bred applause followed. Then very softly and tenderly, like a sweetly tremulous old voice reciting pathetic memories, the ivory keys sent the plaintive melody of "Auld Lang Syne" sighing through the room. The idle chatter ceased, every mind was busy with bitter sweet memories, and the air was full of the scent of vanished clover, the warm fragrance of newly tossed hay, the echo of babbling brooks. The simple tune knocked at the door of every heart, and the ghosts of dead days came trooping forth in answer.

A stout dame on the musician's left looked away through the open window, beyond the moon flooded hills, and a sigh scintillated the jet upon her ample bosom. She had gone back to a summer eve years ago and was dressed in a faded pink calico and flapping sunbonnet again. Her bare toes sank deep in the yellow dust of the country road as she drove the cows home through the lonely, cool shadows. John Edward, freckled faced and honest eyed, came sheepishly out of the woods and joined her, and the cows were late that night, for what has young love to do with time?

A dignified old gentleman beside her blew his nose and incidentally wiped his eyes. He was thinking of the morning when he went out to seek his fortune and turned under the windy orchard trees to a wave of last farewell to a mother, who stood in the door with her check apron to her eyes. He had whistled "Auld Lang Syne" to keep back the rising sobs as he trudged upon his way.

Not a word was spoken when the last memory haunted note died away in silence, but every one had paid the tribute of a tear to "Auld Lang Syne."

An almost forgotten poet, Robert Hinckly Messinger, quaintly wishes for old wood to burn, old books to read and old friends to talk with in an ideal old age, and he might also have added old tunes to be played in the long twilights in which he dozed and dreamed in an easy chair. It is a fact that none of the popular songs of late years survives a mayfly existence. They catch the lip, but do not hold the heart, and are written to cater to the popular fancy, unlike the old tunes which are birth marked with the joys and woes of the human race.

Music hall melodies may come and go and be forgotten, but as long as a sprig of heather blossoms on Scottish moors "Highland Mary" will bring tears to Scottish eyes, and the cruelty of "Barbara Allen" will go down through all the ages while lads go courting and lasses are capricious. Every sailor leaves a "Black Eyed Susan" in port behind him, and there is a chord in every bosom set to the wanderer's immortal cry, "Home, Sweet Home." "Annie Laurie" will live as long as the English language. Neither a Handel nor a Beethoven composed the "Marseillaise," yet it became the battlecry of a nation. It is not to the music of the symphony societies that the dying turn, but to "Rock of Ages."

Many of Gilbert & Sullivan's catchy melodies are borrowed from old ballads, and they have even "Mother Goose" to thank for some of their success.

Strauss may set the feet to dancing, Wagner tickle the brain and Mozart please the ear, but nothing can touch the heart like the old tunes.—Philadelphia Press.

Putting Wolves to Death by Torture.

One use of the whalebone to which the Eskimos put it, and one case of which came under my personal observation, I must not allow to pass unnoticed. Whenever wolves have been unusually predatory, have destroyed a favorite dog or so, or dug up a cache of reindeer meat just when it was needed, or in any way have aroused the ire of the Innuit hunter, he takes a strip of whalebone about the size of those used in corsets, wraps it up into a compact helical mass like a watch spring, having previously sharpened both ends, then ties it together with reindeer sinew and plasters it with a compound of blood and grease, which is allowed to freeze and forms a binding cement sufficiently strong to hold the sinew string at every second or third turn. This, with a lot of similar looking baits of meat and blubber, is scattered over the snow or ground, and the hungry wolf devours it along with the others, and when it is thawed out by the warmth of his stomach it elongates and has the well known effect of whalebone on the system, but having the military advantage of interior lines its effects are more rapid, killing the poor wolf, with the most horrible agonies, in a couple of days.—From an Interview With Eugene Melville, U. S. N.

A Breakfast, 1738.

Mr. Weddell, in his curious "Voyage Up the Thames," from Somerset Stairs to Windsor, in a sailing barge or boat, in March, 1738, notes that ale was then still served for breakfast. Having started about 4 o'clock one afternoon, the next morning—

We arrived safe at Stains about Ten in the Forenoon, and went to a House of Entertainment, where everything appeared in a very good Taste: Breakfast was brought, consisting of Chocolate, Coffee, Ham, Cheese, Ale and Wine. I mention the Particulars, because it was the first time I remember seeing things brought in this manner, and is what I approve of, since in a Company of six Men, it is natural to expect at least one or two who can breakfast on Beef and Ale. Tho' I think Sippit was the only one among us of that Stamp.—P. 76.

—Notes and Queries.

A Liberal Offer.

Domestic—Please, sir, the grocer and butcher and baker and milkman are down stairs, and they say they won't leave until they are paid.

Mr. McAuber—Hem! Very well. Tell them that if they will continue to supply me with provisions they are welcomed to stay here and board it out.—New York Weekly.

MADE THEM MARRY.

EMPEROR NAPOLEON WAS A MATRIMONIAL DESPOT.

He Compelled Women to Marry to Suit His Interests or Whims—Some of the Disagreeable Alliances Brought About by This Tyrannical Matchmaker.

Among the numerous works to which the revival of the Napoleonic legend has given birth is one called "Napoleon and the Ladies." The writer exerts himself to the utmost to transform the rough soldier and despot into a hero of romance, but without success. His relation with his two wives were not remarkable for either consideration or delicacy, and he adopted a coarse pleasantry in his conversation with the ladies of his court which was not far removed from downright vulgarity.

But what tended to make the very name of Napoleon hateful to all young Frenchwomen was his famous conscription of girls, whom he married offhand to his generals without the slightest ceremony. The Marquise de Corgny, on her return to Paris, was ordered to marry her daughter to General Sebastiana. Both mother and daughter protested in vain. Three days after the order the marriage took place at the Tuileries, Napoleon himself giving away the bride. Mlle. Adele de la Rochefoucauld was renowned throughout the whole department for her grace, beauty and expectations, when she was privately informed by the prefect that Napoleon had decided to marry her to Count Aldobrandini. The lady objected to the count for the best of feminine reasons—namely, that he was neither young nor handsome.

The count, however, was the brother of Prince Borghese, the husband of Pauline, the sister of Bonaparte, and the resistance of father and daughter was of no moment, and they were obliged to yield to the will of Napoleon. Count d'Arberg, the descendant of a sovereign family, prefect of the Bouches du Weser, and one of Napoleon's chamberlains, had two daughters of marriageable age. Napoleon ordered that one should marry General Klein, and the other General Mouton, count de Lobau. The mother of the two young ladies was Countess Stolberg, sister of Countess Albany, widow of the last of the Stuarts. Fanny Dillon, the daughter of Count Dillon, was ordered to marry General Bertrand. The young lady refused even to see the general, objecting that he was hideous, which unfortunately happened to be the truth. Napoleon was irritated at this conduct and ordered the young lady to be arrested and confined in prison until she consented to marry Bertrand, the monster, as she called him.

The Duc de Laureguais, father of the Duc d'Arenberg, colonel of a regiment of cavalry and an unfortunate bachelor, was ordered by Napoleon, under penalty of dismissal from the army, to marry forthwith Mlle. Stephanie Tascher de la Pagerie, cousin germain of the Empress Josephine. The young lady as well as the duke objected to the marriage, and the former had the audacity to declare that she not only hated the duke, but was over head and ears in love with a certain M. de Gentry. The marriage between the cousin of Josephine and the duke nevertheless took place, and at the marriage ceremony, when the young lady, in reply to the priest's question, refused to say yes Napoleon himself deigned to push her head downward in token of assent. After the marriage ceremony this strangely married couple went to reside at the Hotel de Chimay. But the duchess refused to receive her husband, who, like a reasonable being, posted after his regiment, then serving in Spain. In 1811 he was made prisoner and sent to England, where he remained until the fall of Napoleon in 1814. On his return to Paris the duchess obtained a dissolution of the marriage on the ground of restraint, and she finished by marrying the happy M. de Gentry.

The Prince of Hohenzollern, cousin of the king of Prussia, was ordered to marry Antoinette Murat, a cousin of the "Beau Sabreur" and king of Naples, and although both the prince and Antoinette declared that they mutually hated one another the marriage nevertheless took place, Napoleon being of the opinion, like Mrs. Malaprop, that married life had better commence with a little hatred. One morning the Duc de Croy was informed by his friend, the prefect of Mans, that Napoleon had resolved that his daughter should be married at once to a general, and that an order to that effect would be delivered to the Duc de Croy on the following day. But the duke was a man of resource, and there being in the house an amiable cousin, one Fernand de Croy, a marriage between the two cousins was celebrated at midnight by the parish priest. When the formal order of Napoleon arrived the next morning, the duke replied that he was "desolated," but that his daughter had already married her Cousin Fernand. But it was not safe to try to outwit the powerful emperor, and a few days afterward Cousin Fernand, the married man, was drafted into a regiment of cavalry and sent to Russia, from which country he eventually returned, minus an arm.

As late as 1812 the Minister of Police Savery issued a circular to all the prefects of departments, ordering them to send to Paris a list of all the heiresses in their respective departments, with full particulars as to age, personal charms and amount of property, either in possession or in expectation. These lists were sent to the emperor, who divided his time impartially between their perusal and the monthly returns of the positions of his regiments and their presumed equipments. In fact, the emperor, whether from policy or freak, or from both, was an inveterate matchmaker and never troubled himself about the "conscientious scruples" of either the ladies or gentlemen concerned.—American Register.

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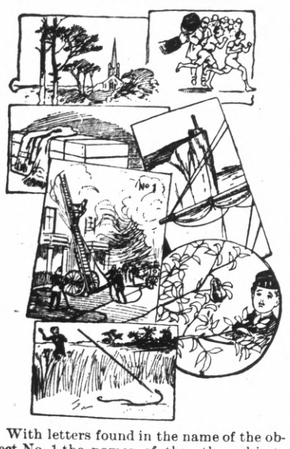
THE PUZZLER

No. 172.—A Crossword.

My first is in Carthage, but not in Rome;
My second's in Cæsar, but not in Gaul;
My third's in Homer, and also in home;
My fourth is in Peter, but not in Paul;
My fifth is in Horace, but not in lime;
My sixth is in pieces, but not in part.
My whole is a country of ancient time,
Famous for learning and noted for art.

No. 173.—Pictured Words.



With letters found in the name of the object No. 1 the names of the other objects can be formed.

No. 174.—A Biblical Acrostic.

X x x x x x
X x x x x x
X x x x x x
X x x x x x
X x x x x x x
X x x x x x x
X x x x x x x
X x x x x
X x x x x x x x

The row of six, a governor of Egypt. The row of six, a Jewess who risked her life for her people. The third row, a rock on which the 600 Benjamites who escaped the slaughter of Gibeah took refuge. The fourth row, a wise and good king who reigned over Judah 52 years. The fifth row, of seven, a king who obtained an answer to his prayer. The sixth, of seven, a prince who raised a rebellion against his father. The seventh, a mountain range in Palestine. The eighth, of six, him from whom the father of all the Jews bought a cave. The ninth, of eight, one who was instrumental in saving his own people from destruction during the reign of Xerxes.

The primals name a city unparalleled in the annals of history for its distresses, calamities and slaughter.

No. 175.—Numerical Puzzle.

My whole is the name of a large European sea.
My 1, 6, 10, 3 is to repair.
My 7, 9, 4, 13 falls from the clouds.
My 3, 12, 5, 2 is a dried fruit.
My 10, 4, 13, 2 is a number.
My 1, 11, 9, 5 is a food.
My 3, 4, 10, 13, 2, 8 is a meal.
My 8, 2, 1, 9, 4, 10, 3, 11, 7 is that which is left.

No. 176.—Hidden Emperors.

1. I heard a saucy rustling of paper and beheld Minerva.
2. In examining these photographs of presidents you will remember how the people honored this martial "Ex" and erected a monument to him.
3. I sent Abner, Oscar, Timotheus and Philip to the gymnasium.
4. Electra, Jane, Olivia and Phebe were the characters in one of our plays.

No. 177.—Popular Names of Cities.

The following anagrams represent nicknames of cities of the United States:

1. R I not icy?
2. Toy crick.
3. E., price thy time.
4. Roy, I will get R. I. clams.
5. Din yet witchy.
6. Ay! quick to hew fetters.
7. My conduit.
8. Strait Corynth.
9. Try Greece vine.
10. C, 'tis icy! Find cage not manifest.
11. To wit, not coy cod.
12. T. E., cry over bit of holly.

Riddles Solved.

What would a pig do who wished to build himself a habitation? Tie a knot in his tail and call it a pig's-tie.

In what sort of syllables ought a parrot to be taught to speak? In polly syllv-bills.

What sort of sympathy would you rather be without? You don't want to be pitted by the smallpox.

Why is the root of the tongue like a dejected man? Because it's down in the mouth.

What's the difference between cake and wine? One is sometimes tipsy, but the other is always drunk.

Geographical Queries.

How much is Leavenworth?
How fast does Chicago?
Who is it Council Bluffs?
And who laid Buffalo?
Oh, whom did Syracuse?
What sad sight has Racine?
Why throw that Little Rock?
Who painted Bowling Green?

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 164.—Letter Rebus: Annex (An x).
No. 165.—A Goblet:

P A N E L
P R O B E
S C U L L
L U R I D
C A M E O
H A P
H
M A T
S A L V O

No. 166.—Mathematical Problem: 80 and 20.

No. 167.—Poetical Pi:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored.
He hath loosened the fateful lightnings of his terrible swift sword.
His day is marching on.
—Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

No. 168.—Double Acrostic: WeB. AloE. LegS. TarantulA. EmersoN. RetreaT.

No. 169.—Illustrated Word: Invest-i-gate.

No. 170.—A Letter Puzzle: Begin at C in "actual."

Calm weather in June
Sets the corn in tune.

No. 171.—Hidden Rivers: Hudson. Don. Rogue. Osage. Trent.

A MIDDLIN MAN.

It seems t' me jest lots o' us
Wuz born t' spend our days
As sort o' middlin folks what gets
Not much o' blame 'r praise.

When I wuz jest a little chap
What couldn't talk at all,
It 'pears like I wuz back'ardlike
'Bout learnin how t' crawl.

But then I've heard my mother say—
'N father, he'd agree—
'At lots o' other little chaps
Wuz back'arder than me.

'N when I tried t' larn t' walk,
Though no great knack I showed,
The neighbors say I wa'n't no worse
'An half the ones they knowed.

'N I, when 't come t' sayin things,
Wuz sort o' middlin quick—
Beat piles o' chaps, but other piles
Jest beat me clean 'n slick.

'N then at last I went t' school
'N larned t' read 'n spell.
'Bout half the class done better'n me;
'Bout half done not so well.

I recollect 'at one whole term
My class jest numbered three.
One al'a's got lots better grades;
The other worse'n me.

'Twas jest the same 'bout bein good—
The teacher'd brag on some,
'N some he'd lick 'ntil they wisht
They didn't haf t' come.

He didn't lick me very much;
He praised me less perhaps.
Guess I wa'n't 'mong the orneryest,
N'r 'mong the nicest chaps.

'N since I've been a growed up man,
Though I hain't cut no swell,
I guess 'at I hev al'a's done
A kind o' moder't' well.

I ain't a man what's very pore,
N'r one what's got much wealth,
I'm moder't' happy, moder't' good
'N blessed 'ith moder't' health.

'N often, when I stop 'n think
O' what my life has be'n,
I jest conclude 'at I wuz made
One o' those middlin men.

For 't seems t' me jest lots o' us
Wuz born t' spend our days
As sort o' middlin folks what gets
Not much o' blame 'r praise.
—Youth's Companion.

THAT BOOKCASE.

We had moved into a new house, and as is usual in such cases found ourselves needing a great many things we had not needed in the old one. Among other things we needed bookshelves. We had not been buying more books, and all the shelves we ever had had been brought along, yet by some mysterious hocus pocus after all were filled there remained numbers of odd volumes lying about in all sorts of precarious and inconvenient places.

Richard, head of the house, had appeared impervious to the delicate hints thrown out in his presence. Yet something must be done, and quickly.

"There is nothing that gives a room such a delightfully livable look as plenty of well filled bookshelves," remarked my daughter Victoria, a young woman of 18, who has inherited that visionary turn of mind with which I have nobly and unsuccessfully struggled for so many years.

As she said it she was standing in a graceful pose, with her eyes dreamily fixed upon a niche between the dumb waiter and the chimney piece, and I knew she was in imagination filling out that space with nice ebonized shelves all neatly edged with pinked leather and rows of brass headed nails, and hung with a pretty silken curtain. So was I, or rather with something a little less fine, but more attainable. I don't think Victoria was prepared for my response:

"Suppose we make a bookcase?"

Victoria stared.

"Make a bookcase?" she repeated. "Do you know what you are talking about?"

"I do," I calmly answered. "Let us first consider what is a bookcase, or, rather, a set of book shelves? An object, a structure, let us say, composed of boards sawed or otherwise fashioned into appropriate shapes, fastened together by nails and finally stained or varnished. Is there anything mysterious or occult or even elaborate about an ordinary set of bookshelves? Given the raw material, what is needed to produce the desired result?"

"A cabinet maker I should say," said my daughter, "or at least a carpenter."

"And what is a cabinet maker or a carpenter?" I persisted. "You forget that in the beginning every man was his own carpenter. The germ, the rudiment, of a carpenter lies dormant in us all. In other words, every man"——

"Is a sort of mute, inglorious carpenter," interpolated Victoria.

"And every woman," I went on, ignoring the interruption, "for the female of every species"——

"Don't!" broke in Victoria again. "This is not a meeting of the Woman's Anthropological society. Go on and tell in plain English how you propose to make a bookcase."

"In plain English, then," I responded, "I propose to buy the raw material, borrow Mrs. Macafferty's handsaw—we have a hammer—and with your assistance construct a bookcase, or a set of shelves, which, though probably lacking in some nonessential points, will answer all reasonable purposes."

Victoria did not oppose me. People seldom do. We immediately set about making the necessary calculations. I made the measurements, which Victoria jotted down on her tablets. We found that we should need 28 feet of boards 8 inches wide for the sides and shelves, 12 feet of narrow strips for the rests and a few nails. We had some walnut stain left over from the floors, and we had a hammer of our own; and, as I have said, I hung my hopes of a saw on the obliging Irish grocer woman at the corner.

The next morning I went to the nearest lumber yard and stated my wants to a red eyed young man who was yawning over a ledger in the office.

"I want some boards," I began.

"What yer wan't 'em for?" asked the young man, with a suspicious look.

"To make bookshelves," I meekly answered.

"Who's goin to make 'em?" again asked the young man, with a hideous yawn.

It may seem strange, but it never entered my head to wonder what this red eyed young lumberman had to do with that side of the case, and I answered humbly, for I cannot tell a lie, "I and my daughter."

The look which the young man bestowed upon me would have aroused the self respect of a doormat. Just as I was on the point of making a remark calculated to reduce that horny handed son of toil to his proper place the telephone call sounded, and leaving me standing where I was he went leisurely over to that instrument and engaged in one of those one sided conversations so curiously interesting to an outsider. It was about as follows:

"Moldin's? Ya'as. Why in —— didn't he say so?"

Aside, evidently reflecting on the intellectual powers of third party referred to.

"My orders was for cherry, I tell ye!"

Aside, containing frightful suggestions concerning the immortal part of third party.

"How much d'ye want?"

Aside, referring in disgraceful terms to the ancestry of third party.

"All right. I'll send it down."

It was quite exciting to listen to. It might have been even more so had the remarks interpolated gone over the wire also.

Presently the young man lounged back to his desk and surveyed me a moment in a dazed sort of fashion.

"Oh," he suddenly exclaimed, "you wanted some shelvin's. What kind?"

I had no idea, but answered with calm dignity:

"The kind generally used."

The young man looked at me with undisguised though mild contempt.

"Some uses white pine, some yaller pine, some poplar, some ash, some walnut, some cherry"——

"I don't want anything expensive," I explained. "We are going to stain the shelves."

"Waal, I guess white pine shelvin is good enough."

He did not say "for women to fool with," but I am morally certain that it was in his mind. I followed him into a huge shed piled high with lumber, and he began pulling out boards.

"I want them smooth," I suggested.

"Dressed," corrected the young man. Then he yawned so that for a whole moment the shed was obscured. I thought the boards never would be forthcoming, he was obliged to repeat that process so often. But we came to terms finally, and paying the young man the sum of $1.10 I exultingly departed, leaving him engaged in another lurid telephonic conversation with his invisible adversary.

Yet, in justice to this misguided young lumber dealer, I must say that he proved himself not wholly without feeling, for just as I turned to go he relented sufficiently in his supercilious treatment of me to throw out a valuable suggestion.

"You'd better git wire nails," he remarked between two more yawns.

I shall always keep a warm corner in my grateful heart for that young man, for I know what that suggestion saved me from in the way of mashed fingers and moral deterioration. Those wire nails are a great invention.

With 5 cents' worth of them in my pocket, I returned home. The boards and strips had preceded me and were in the basement awaiting our efforts. Emeline, our colored maid of all work, was dispatched to fetch Mrs. Macafferty's hand saw. When she arrived with it, it looked very formidable. It was at least three feet long, and proportionately broad, but I remembered having sawed wood "for fun" when I was a child and thought I could manage it.

A box was dragged into the middle of the cellar and the shortest of the boards, 12 feet long, laid over it. Having carefully drawn a pencil line across the middle, Victoria seated herself on the board, and I attempted to saw.

"C'est le premier pas qui coute," say the French, and said I, too, as in spite of me that saw began dancing over the board like a live thing, inflicting dreadful little jags and bruises on its surface and seriously jeopardizing the drapery of Victoria where she sat curiously watching my movements. The antics that saw went through were simply amazing. It reminded me of a spirited horse that feels a woman's hand on his bridle for the first time. But I am proud to say that I got it under control at last and sawed straight through the board in a masterly manner.

"Oh," said Victoria, with a nervous laugh, as the process was going on, "it feels awful funny. Like having your foot asleep or taking an electric shock."

Every now and then Emeline came in and cast a disapproving eye on our proceedings. Your colored lady is a great conservative, and I have no doubt that Emeline suspected Victoria and myself of the most advanced and reprehensible sentiments, and that we lost caste with her thenceforth.

The two sides of the bookcase being now ready, we proceeded to saw the strips into 8 inch lengths for the shelves to rest on.

Before this job was completed Victoria was almost in hysterics. Once she decided that she would prefer to saw, but after a brief and spirited tussel with that instrument returned to her former position, sadder and wiser.

By the time the strips were ready it was 12 o'clock, and Dick, my boy, aged 9, came home from school. Of course he was seized with a desire to have a hand in the business, and Victoria at once resigned in his favor, and went up to the dining room to nail the short pieces to the sides, which had to be done before the top and bottom pieces were nailed on.

Then Dick took up the position abdicated by his sister, and I set about sawing the 16 foot board into short lengths for the shelves, having previously measured off and marked the distances in the most workmanlike manner. I was pretty well worn out by this time, but I meant to have those shelves sawed off before lunch and struggled to finish the job.

I missed Victoria. It was not only her avoirdupois that was wanting, but her moral support as well, for in spite of "feeling funny" and getting hysterical now and then, she had stuck to her post with true Casabianca heroism. Dick, on the contrary, wriggled, squirmed, screamed with laughter, fell off the board several times, tried standing up on it and ended in open rebellion and tears.

If any one is disposed to condemn Dick, let him try sitting on a board laid across an empty box while an undeveloped carpenter saws that board in two. As is well known, when a woman sets out to be cruel, she beats the record, and I blush now to own that I kept poor Dick undergoing this torture peine et dure until the last shelf fell to the ground. Then we went up to lunch. I took one of the shelves along to be sure that I had measured rightly. I held it up against the wall. It seemed to be just right.

"There is nothing like accuracy," I carelessly remarked as I laid the shelf on the floor of the niche. That is, I tried to do so, but it would not lie down. I had measured too high. I had allowed nothing for the floor boards. The shelves were all too long, and there were seven of them.

I did not enjoy my lunch. Neither did Dick. Those seven shelves, with their superfluous inches, rested heavily on our spirits. Victoria, on the contrary, was in high feather, though to do her justice she did not say much and did offer to relieve Dick, but gave up the attempt at the first shelf.

"It feels like I was a crazy bone all over," whined Dick.

"It will soon be over," I cheerfully urged. Then more severely: "How will you ever be a great soldier or a great explorer if you cannot bear a little discomfort? Think of what General Greely and his men suffered and Stanley. Think of poor Stanley!"

"Yes," responded Dick illogically, "and think of all they've got for it! The government isn't going to make me a general or give me a heap of money for just sitting on a board and having my insides jiggered to pieces!"

Where do boys in respectable families acquire so many vulgar expressions?

At last it was over, and Dick and I, with our physical systems all in a quiver, took the pieces up into the dining room. Victoria was waiting for us, and it did not take long to nail on the end pieces, which were, by the way, sawed just the thickness of the boards longer than the others. Then with exultation in our souls we stood the thing on end. It was a tall, narrow case and—I regret to say it—wabbled fearfully the moment it found itself upright. It evidently had no confidence in itself, and of course our confidence in it was shaken.

"It reminds me of a girl I knew at school," said Victoria, trying not to laugh. "She was 13 and taller than the teacher, and he was a tall man. She lopped and wabbled around just like this."

Then we both sat down and laughed until we cried, still holding on to the bookcase.

"This will never do," I said finally. "Some way, somehow, this thing must be finished and in its place before your father sees it. You know how he ridiculed the idea."

By which it will be seen that my vaulting ambition and sublime confidence had suffered already a decline.

We set the thing—we had ceased to speak of it as a bookcase by this time—into the niche, and one of us slid in the shelves, while the other held on. They went in beautifully, but still the thing would not stand on its own responsibility.

"Something is the matter with its center of gravity," said Victoria.

"It hasn't any," I averred.

I shall never know what ailed the thing. In appearance it did not differ from a hundred other bookcases I have seen before and since constructed by amateur carpenters, but the fact remains that the instant we took our hands from it it began to pitch forward.

"It will have to be fastened back to the wall somehow," I said in desperation.

So Victoria held on to it while I went for the stepladder and some picture nails, and some wire, and some hooks, and some rings, and some screws, and the hammer, and the screwdriver, and a gimlet. Then I mounted the ladder and went to work.

At the end of half an hour both strength and ingenuity were exhausted, and all I had to show for it were several big holes in the wall and a variety of bent and broken nails, screws, etc. The lacerated state of my moral nature I will pass over.

Victoria still clung heroically to the toppling structure. The situation was becoming desperate. A coup d'etat was called for.

"I have it!" I cried at length. "We will nail it to the dumb waiter. When the books are in, no one will see it."

Three long nails secured the thing to the dumb waiter, and it was wonderful what a difference it made. The thing really began to hold up its head and look us in the face, and we stopped speaking of it as a thing and gave it its original title again.

Next came the staining. Victoria, being the artist of the family, was intrusted with this delicate task—delicate, because it must be done without smearing the wall at the back.

"Why didn't we do it before we nailed it up?" moaned Victoria.

"Because then we should have had to wait for it to dry, and your father would have seen it in all its ghastly incompleteness."

The reply was satisfactory.

When my husband came home that evening, he found me a physical wreck (though of course I took care that he should not discover that fact), and the bookcase stood firmly in its niche in all its brazen impudence and spurious dignity. The stained surface looked very well by gaslight, and Richard's eyes not being good he did not discover these nails that held it in place. A brass plaque and a vase filled with heather and grasses from the Rhine had been artfully placed on the top shelf, so he did not discover the holes in the plastering either, but viewed the grand result with mingled surprise and amazement.

"Do you think you could have done better?" I haughtily inquired.

"Well—I think I could have nailed the strips on a little more evenly," responded my better half.

Perhaps he would have done so. I had noticed a deviation or two from the straight line, but Victoria had kept herself so well in hand when my mistake in measurement came to light that I had not felt like saying anything.

Before breakfast the next morning I had the shelves filled with books, and really no one would believe how well that bookcase looked. My husband shows it to every one who comes in with an air of ostentatious pride that under the circumstances is highly entertaining.

Victoria and I are often compelled to retire to conceal our unhallowed mirth. We know too well that the bookcase is a sham, a fraud, depending upon three wire nails for its perpetuity, and we try to harden our hearts and say, "What does a sham or two more or less matter in this world of shams?" But there are moments when the insincerity of that bookcase, the brazen front it presents to the beholder, strike us with disgust, and a guilty consciousness of being participators in an undiscovered crime destroys our enjoyment of the humor of the thing.—Home Maker.

Registering the Strength of Fibers.

A handy and useful machine has been invented for testing the strength of fibers while in a raw or unmanufactured state. So as to secure uniformity in the test the quantity of fibers to be tested is regulated by a guage specially provided for the purpose. The respective ends of the fibers are then placed in two vises, one of which is coupled up to the piston of a pneumatic check cylinder, while the other is attached by a strong cable to a worm and wheel motion. The handle connected with the worm gearing is then turned, and by an automatic adjustment of the pressure in the pneumatic cylinder the utmost limit of the capacity of the fiber is reached before breaking takes place. The actual breaking strength of the fiber is registered on a dial fixed on the cylinder casing.—Philadelphia Press.

Glass.

Hundreds of mirrors have been ruined by lamps being placed close to them to assist in toilet purposes, and the average glass seems to be exceptionally mean in respect of temperature. Of late years lamp glasses have been made by a secret process which makes them so tough that even if touched with a redhot iron they will seldom crack. Now an inventor has gone a step further and has produced a glass which will stand a greater heat without bending or breaking than iron. If this can be put on the market on a commercial basis, it will promptly revolutionize our ideas of building and enable much larger panes of glass to be used than are practicable now.—Chicago Herald.

Animal Language.

The language of the chimpanzees meets their requirements and expresses all that they need to express in their conditions of life. I do not believe that the speech of any species of ape or monkey is capable of much detail, but there is a difference in the capacity of different types. While there is a deluge of talk about animals being capable of expressing emotion or desire and nothing more, yet these practically embrace the whole scope of human speech, and the respect in which types of speech differ is in the capacity to express detail. I am convinced that the language of apes does this more fully than that of other animals. It not only suggests the desire, but in a measure qualifies it. The call of the chimpanzee not only suggests to one that hears it the fact that a chimpanzee has made the sound, but it also conveys the idea of "Come here," "Go away" or "Beware." The sound for food is not merely a remote hint of something desired, but it specifies the thing desired, if not indeed the kind of thing desired—that is, I believe they have some sounds which may even mean "fruit," "flesh," etc.

The range of sounds made by domestic animals is very small as compared with those made by apes and monkeys. There is little doubt in my mind that they have as many as 30 or 40 words, and these may be varied to a very great extent; it is difficult as yet to say how far. It is possible that many of their sounds I have never heard as yet, but I have already distinguished more sounds among them than I know of at the command of any other animal, notwithstanding my acquaintance with them is more limited. I had deduced these opinions from my studies before going to Africa, and my visit there confirmed many of my former ideas in this respect. —R. L. Garner.

Gnats Cause a Fire Alarm.

Monday afternoon a young man mounted on a bicycle rode up to fire headquarters and breathlessly announced that the church at the corner of New Jersey and New York streets was on fire. He pointed to the east over the tops of the low buildings, where the tall steeple seemed to be enveloped in a dense cloud of smoke, which cut peculiar gyrations in the air and passed away to the west. Of course it was smoke, and the department turned out to quench the supposed fire.

Arriving at the church, the firemen became engaged in a heated controversy as to how a fire could originate in the peak of the steeple, and a closer investigation proved that the smoke was a swarm of gnats. The insects had wintered in the church spire and were out for a spring airing. "There was a barrel of them," said one fireman Tuesday, "and you couldn't see the steeple for several feet down from the peak."

In the past five years the department has been fooled several times by this swarm of insects or their ancestry. When Frank Dougherty was chief, the spring exodus of these gnats, which were mistaken for a cloud of smoke, called out the department, and the pesky things are becoming a nuisance. They have departed for the season, probably agreeing to meet in the steeple again next fall, take an official count and go into winter quarters.—Indianapolis Sun.

A Tick's Poisonous Bite.

Mr. F. A. Tabor was bitten by a tick last Monday with very peculiar and nearly fatal results. He was sitting in the drug store of Dr. J. B. Stockton when he felt a stinging sensation under his clothes, and upon its increasing to an acute pain he retired to investigate the cause and found a tick with its head imbedded in the flesh. He removed the intruder, but the venomous little insect had left its poison, and with the velocity of the circulation it was disseminated throughout his system. His nose was the first member affected. It became a fiery red streaked with bright green and swelled rapidly until it reached the size of a large tumbler. His eyes were angrily inflamed and emitted an intense heat. His face was quickly swollen and fiercely convulsed with most excruciating pain. Terrible convulsions seized his body, and he was writhing in agony that seemed to forebode the death struggle when a physician arrived and with much difficulty relieved his suffering. After a short while he recovered sufficiently to go home, but he was very weak and showed plainly in his haggard face and extreme nervousness the effects of his violent sickness. The tick was an ordinary dog tick, but for the virulence of its poison it surpasses any of its kind we have ever heard of.—Edmonton (Ky.) News.

Two Illustrious Old Men.

The two best known men in the world are Mr. Gladstone and the pope, and both are standing the shock and stress of age with wonderful vigor. Mr. Gladstone has just undergone an operation for cataract with great bravery and is reported to be in good spirits, and the pope on Monday was present at the public consistory, received with gratification the cheers of a great crowd and performed the duties of the occasion with the alertness of a man in middle life. Both these old men show the preserving power of simple living and continuous mental activity, and both seem to have found out the secret of carrying on a life of labor without the unreasonableness of overwork, which results among Americans in premature decay and death. There is something to be learned from these two illustrious examples.—Kansas City Star.

Mother and Children at School Together.

A most remarkable case that probably cannot be duplicated in Maine is mentioned by our Foxcroft correspondent. In what is known as the Lee school district in that town a mother and two children are attending the school taught by Miss Mary Weston. The three are legal scholars, all being between the ages of 4 and 21 years. They are constant attendants, coming together.—Lewiston Journal.

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BREVITIES

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Isaac Pitman of stenographic fame has been knighted.

Justin McCarthy regards Mr. Gladstone as the greatest debater of the century.

Mounsell Richardson, who was lately elected to the house of commons, is said to be the first gentleman jockey to sit in parliament.

Senators Dolph and Stewart are both fine looking men, with white hair and beards of the same color, and are strikingly similar in appearance.

James McClain owns a farm near Maysfield, Ky., which he has bought and paid for out of money by tramping over different states digging ginseng to sell.

Robert Kennedy of Wilmington, O., has been a Mason for 70 years. He was initiated in Ireland at 18, that being the proper age in the lodge he joined. He has been a Knight Templar for 69 years.

The Rev. Dr. Dale, the eminent nonconformist clergyman of Birmingham, England, who is preparing a work on journalism and literature, began writing for the press when he was 12 years of age.

Captain Donnell of the lighthouse tender Violet says the president is "the best shot for a man of his size that he ever saw." Mr. Cleveland brought home a big bag of game, and one occasion killed eight birds, one after the other.

Professor Mommsen, the great historian of Rome, is so absentminded that, as his daughter says, he once met one of his many children on the street, patted him on the head and asked his name, whereupon the boy replied, "Why, I'm your little Carl!" much to his father's surprise.

Colonel Ingersoll was riding up town on a New York elevated when a gentleman sitting opposite whispered to his friend, "There's Bob Ingersoll." The whisper was overheard by a saintly looking old lady in the adjoining seat. She rose immediately, cast a frightened look at the colonel and made a break for the next car.

RAILROAD TIES.

On East Indian railroads the greatest difficulty is encountered from ants who eat the wooden ties and telegraph poles.

The Baltimore and Ohio has decided to erect a handsome station at Benwood Junction, W. Va., which is the terminus of three divisions of that road.

It requires 1,035 locomotives to operate the New York, Lake Erie and Western road and 891 cars of various kinds exclusive of freight equipment.

Private and special cars must hereafter be fitted with all standard Northwestern conveniences in the way of brakes and couplers, or that road will refuse to haul them.

The departure recently made by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western in the introduction of vestibuled suburban trains will, it is said, be followed by two other trunk lines.

In order to beautify country stations an English lady sends presents of seeds and cuttings from her conservatory to all the station masters on the line over which she travels from her country home.

It is said that the Duluth, Mississippi River and Northern road will carry this summer some 30,000,000 feet of logs, and the other standard gauge logging roads in the Duluth and upper Mississippi region about 65,000,000 feet.

NOVELTIES.

Tiny alcohol lamps, with ivory handles, are seen everywhere.

There is a sudden influx of matchsafes of silver in raised relief.

Ice cream sets are oblong salvers, with broken edges and trowel like knives.

The silver vases that are now brought out are the most artistic yet seen. They are intended for single flowers. A new form is a copy of the shape known as the pilgrim vase.

Every sort of appliance for ice is coming forward. The tongs in the smaller dishes are being superseded by spoons, with deep perforated bowls. This will please women who know what a slippery thing ice is when handled by tongs.

Decidedly a novelty are little dictionaries in flexible leather covers not over two inches square. These are inclosed in silver covers attached to a chain to hang on the chatelaine. There is a magnifying glass in the silver inclosure. When a word is wanted, the dictionary is taken out and the word spied through the glass.—Jewelers' Circular.

KICKS FROM KANSAS.

No man can have a good head and a bad stomach.

Icemen are beginning to check their generous impulses.

No man and his wife ever agreed on the money question.

We like nearly any sort of man better than a thoroughbred.

Women never get over the notion that they are entertaining angels unawares.

With a young man every day is Sunday. With an old man every day is Monday.

Most women are positive geniuses at fixing up and looking well on almost empty pocketbooks.

There is one good thing about the man with a trouble on his mind. He doesn't break into your office with whistle or song.

A great many men have a "commanding presence" who haven't anything else to command. It is the compensation of nature.—Atchison Globe.

STAGE GLINTS.

Clyde Fitch is in London doing nothing in particular.

Marguerite Merington, author of "Lettarblair," sailed for England recently.

Glen MacDonough has nearly completed "Miss Dynamite," the comedy in which Marie Jansen is to star next season.

Victor Herbert, the 'cellist and bandmaster, played his new opera before several friends, who were much pleased with it.

Alexandre Bisson's latest farcical comedy, "My Housekeeper," has been staged with success in Paris. There is no immediate prospect of its production in this country.

Fanny Davenport has finally obtained, through the agency of Elizabeth Marbury, Sardou's latest play. It is of the order of "La Tosca." Miss Davenport will produce it in December.

A. M. Palmer and E. E. Rice have bought the American rights to "The Queen of Brilliants," the comic opera by Jakabowsky, composer of "Ermine," produced last month with great success in Vienna.

There has been considerable delay in the making of the American version of "Clarette," the light opera in which Della Fox is to star. Cheever Goodwin, the adapter, only recently handed the MS. to William Furst, the composer.

Stanislaus Stange, adapter of "Friend Fritz," coauthor of "Miss Dascot," etc., has written the libretto of a comic opera which he has called "Baron Grim." The music is by Julian Edwards, composer of "Jupiter" and "King Rene's Daughter."

TURF TOPICS.

The ancient Egyptians shaved the body of the horse every morning.

There are several trainers who will not allow their horses to be worked on Sunday.

T. H. Williams, president of the California Jockey club, has never lost a race.

The average working life of a London omnibus horse is five years. That of a tram horse is only four.

Iowa has over 20 mile tracks, and every county seat that has not a mile track has a half mile track.

In Brooklyn a blind horse fell into the canal. After being fished out it was discovered that he belonged to an express carrier, who was also blind.

John Lawrence, who wrote during the early part of the century, was the first to use the term roadster in England, connecting it with the hackney.

The minimum quantity of air required in a stable for keeping in health each horse is not known exactly, but possibly about 1,200 cubic feet would be sufficient.

An apron is the royal standard of Persia. Gao, a Persian blacksmith, raised a revolt which was successful, and his leather apron, covered with jewels, is still borne in the van of Persian armies.

"The reason why a pneumatic tired sulky is worth several seconds in the mile to a trotter," says Dr. Louis Robinson in The North American Review, "is because practically no vibration is conveyed along the shafts and traces to the horse's body."—Horseman.

HER NEWEST GOWN.

There is both here and abroad a decided reaction against widely flaring and overtrimmed skirts.

Watered percalines are in constant use with dressmakers for lining skirts and bodices of semitransparent materials.

Shepherd's check fabrics in silk appear not only in black and white, cream and brown, etc., but in every variety of color on light hued grounds.

Black toilets are very fashionable this season, and the handsome black grenadines have in a great degree usurped black lace in fashionable favor.

Among summer tints for evening pale rose color and honeysuckle yellow vie with each other and often appear together in shot fabrics or trimmings.

Beautiful white toilets for dress occasions and chic white costumes of serge, sacking and similar fabrics will be in special favor the summer season through.

Small fruits appear among the hat and bonnet garniture of the season. These trimmings are much liked and very often worn by the daughters of the Princess of Wales.

Black, in combination with pure white or softer, less trying cream tints, still appears among the handsome toilets for evening wear, for plainer gowns for dressy afternoon uses, and likewise among the stylish capes and jackets of satin, lace and jetted net.—New York Post.

WORD HISTORY.

Hussy is a corruption of housewife.

Marigold took its name from Queen Mary Stuart.

Fetich and zebra are from a dialect of South Africa.

Kersey is a corruption of Jersey, where the fabric was first made.

Hussar is one of the few words we have from the Hungarian.

Furlong was a furrow long, or the length of a plowed furrow.

Coffee is so called from being first brought to Europe from Caffa.

Tulip is the Persian name for turban, the flower being shaped like a turban.

Neighbor was once only a nigh-boor, or the boor or farmer who lived nearest.

Ducats were originally duke's money, first made in the duchy of Apulia in 1140.

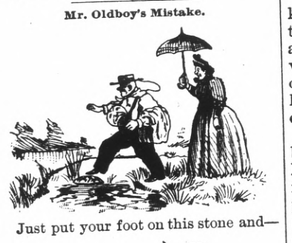
Polite was formerly only polished. Cudworth speaks of "polite bodies like looking glasses."

An Assorted Stock.

It was in a little New Hampshire village among the mountains where the country store served as postoffice, circulating library, shoe store, grocery store, dry goods store and everything else combined that a Boston lady, glancing over the books, inquired, "Have you Browning?"

"No," said the attendant somewhat regretfully and not knowing just what kind of an article Browning might be, "we have not." Then more brightly: "But we have blacking and bluing and have a man who does whiting. We occasionally do pinking. Would any of these do?"—Boston Home Journal.

Mr. Oldboy's Mistake.



Just put your foot on this stone and—

! ! !

—New York World.

The Seaside Belle's Annual Wail.

The dodo, they say, is extinct; the ichthyosaurus has flown, and the auk and bison beneath the horizon will never come back to their own.

The young man is extinct as the rest. He has gone like the dodo and auk; like the auk and the bison, beneath the horizon we meet him no more in our walk.

The mammoth and mastodon great and the megalosaurus have fled, and the pleiosaurus can never devour us, for the pleiosaurus is dead.

The young man is extincter than they from the seaweed, the ooze or the dirt: no pleiosaurus comes up to devour us, no young man to worship and flirt.

Leviathan's fled from the deep, and the unicorn's gone from the land, and mermaid and mermen no more dance the german by the shore of the sea on the sand.

The young man is extinct as all these. He is lost in the depths of the past. Like mermaids and mermen we once danced the german, but that was too blessed to last.

But the sea, so they tell us, is grand, and the sky is magnificent, too, and they rave their devotion to sky and to ocean in poetical hullabaloo.

But why should we care for the sea, and why should we care for the ocean: With no man by the ocean to whisper devotion the whole, horrid thing is a bore.—New York World.

Unable to Negotiate.

"You've taken up all of my time you're going to," said the woman at the kitchen door wrathfully. "I've told you I don't want any pins, towels, soap, lead pencils, stove blacking, combs or tin spoons. I'll give you just 10 seconds to get away from here."

"That reminds me, ma'am," said the peddler, opening his package again, "that I've got a little arrangement here for the accurate measurement of time, so you don't have to guess at it. It's generally used in boiling eggs and consists, as you see, of a little glass filled at one end with sand, which by simply inverting runs slowly through the wasp waist in the center down to the other end, registering accurately each and every time you use it and allowing about three minutes and 20 seconds for the boiling of an egg, which, as you know, is about the proper time if the water is boiling when the egg is put in unless you want the egg boiled hard, and every authority on wholesome diet will tell you, madam, that hard boiled eggs are unwholesome, causing indigestion and sometimes redness of the nose, for which there is no cosmetic that will"——

By active exertions he managed to reach the corner of the kitchen and get around it before the dipperful of boiling water got there.—Chicago Tribune.

The Little Sister's Revelation.

A Pennsylvania street car was going north the other night full of passengers when during a lull in the general conversation a little private talk between two wee misses of 8 years was heard.

Said one, "Your sister paints her face awfully, doesn't she?"

"No, she don't," replied the other. "She just powders her face."

"Why, it's just the same."

"No, it ain't, for I heard sister's beau tell her the other night he wished she would paint and not powder herself, as the powder rubs off on his clothes and face and paint won't."—Indianapolis Journal.

Getting Even.

"Cynthy," said Farmer Corntossel, "everything's erbaut ready fur takin boarders from the city."

"Fur ez I kin see," was the reply.

"Waal, they's jes' one matter I wanter ten to It's an idee I got while I was to the hotel. The next time I go ter town I wanter git some signs printed ter hang up in the bedrooms."

"Whut'll ye say on 'em?"

"I'll jes' hev 'em read: 'Don't try ter turn the lamp out. Blow it.' "—Washington Star.

And She Meant It.

Freddie—You say you are sure Miss Evingston takes great pleasure in your company?

The Bore—Sure. Why, last night she told me it seemed to her that an hour spent with me was equal to a year spent with any one else.—Chicago Record.

Fans In France.

In France, where the art of fan manufacture and decoration has long reached a state of great perfection, none but religious fans were used until returning pilgrims and crusaders brought home eastern fashions and luxuries. The oldest French fan now in existence, dating from the ninth century and brought to the abbey of Tournus by the monks of St. Philibert, is daintily fashioned of vellum and sculptured ivory and richly adorned with painted saints, monsters and quaint traceries of byzantine foliage.

Thirteenth century miniatures of knights and ladies represent the latter toying with fans, some of which are banner shaped, and in the inventory of the property of Charles V of France special mention is made of long handled fans strewn with pearl embroidered flower-de-luce.

It was Catherine de Medicis who brought fans into general use at the French court, and Diane de Poitiers, favorite of Henry II, is represented playing with her fan while seated at a window of the palace of Tournelles dividing her attention between her royal lover and an auto-da-fe of Protestants in the court below.—New York Post.

The Monkey Temple.

The crowd thickens around the Durga kund, or monkey temple of Benares, dedicated to the goddess Durga, authoress of pain, sorrow and death. She is worshiped by the sacrifice of goats and buffaloes in order to appease her wrath and avert her vengeance. In the center of the temple court numerous monkeys gambol and chatter as they climb about an ancient tamarind tree, and the sedate looking head of this lively family sits on a bough and peers us with leaves, as though resenting our intrusion within the sacred precincts.

The worshipers give alms in food to these sacred monkeys, which are dedicated to Durga and placed under her protection. An upright post in the quadrangle serves as a sacrifice altar, the animal's neck being inserted within a central slit like a double pronged fork. The executioner with his ax faces the temple, and an acolyte pulls the hind legs of the victim until the neck is sufficiently stretched for one blow to sever the head from the body. Failure in this particular betokens evil to the offerer of the sacrifice.—All the Year Round.

Buying Furniture.

A woman buying furniture in a shop is often at a considerable disadvantage. So called oak, cherry and mahogany furniture are frequently quite inferior woods and not at all what the purchaser fancies she is selecting. Salesmen are sometimes as ignorant as their customers and confidently assure them that oak finish is solid oak and mahogany veneer represents the real wood of that name. A little study of the matter when one is contemplating the furnishing of a house is recommended. For a few cents each it is possible to get from any furniture manufacturer samples of different woods in common use. These polished on one side and left unfinished on the other are admirable object lessons in the ability to tell what sort of wood is being looked at. In almost any piece of furniture a rough side can be found and the knowledge obtained from a little study of the samples satisfactorily tested.—New York Times.

Saved by Weiss Beer.

The life of Benjamin Seitter was probable saved by a bottle of weiss beer, given as an antidote for asphyxiation by inhaling illuminating gas. Seitter is an employee of the gas department. While working under ground repairing a leak he was overcome by the escaping gas. He was pulled out of the hole, and the patrol started to take him to the police station. Another gas employee suggested that a bottle of weiss beer, a remedy which he said was used at the gas works in such cases, might restore Seitter. As the man seemed about to die, the suggestion was acted upon. The beer worked like magic, and Seitter came back to consciousness in an incredibly short space of time. He was afterward removed to his home. Eyewitnesses say that Seitter would probably have died on the way had it been decided to remove him to a hospital before administering the antidote.—Philadelphia Press.

The Sparrow and the Boy.

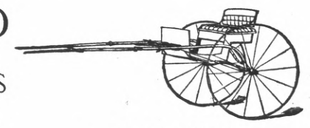
I saw a small sparrow having fun with a small street urchin. The sparrow would settle in the road. The small urchin would then try to catch it as he would a butterfly. The bird would wait until the small boy was just behind it. Then it would fly ahead two or three yards. The small boy in his eagerness would fall headlong in the mud, pick himself up and try again. You could almost see the sparrow laugh while the urchin puckered up his face and lisped threats of dire vengeance. In this way the sparrow had fun with the urchin from Mulberry street well on toward the south green.—Hartford Post.

Generous.

Baron (to his valet)—Johann, I have received quite a large number of offers in reply to a matrimonial advertisement. I have selected one out of the lot, and here are the rest if you like to make any use of them.—Mannheimer Volksblatt.

No. 1 Cart. Price $18.00

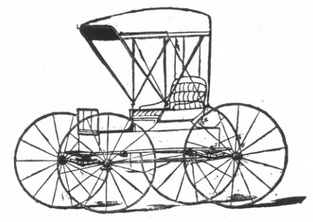
50% SAVED
—ON—
VEHICLES AND HARNESS
Send for Catalogue
Harness for $8 per Set, and upw'ds



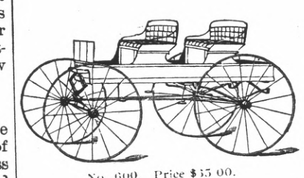
No. 11A. Price $20.00

No. 58. Price $80.00.

No. 200. Price $175.00.

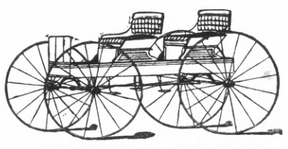


No. 151. Price $80.00.

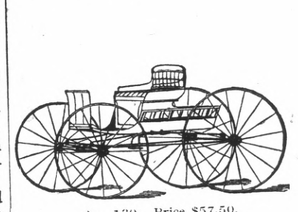


No. 600. Price $55.00.

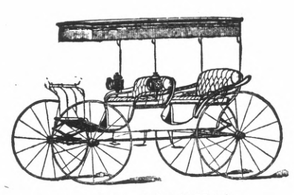
No. 81½. Price $150.00



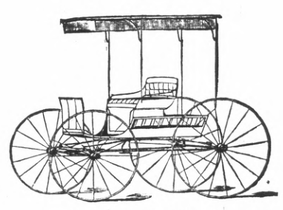
No. 55. Price $48.00.



No. 130. Price $57.50.



No. 214½. Price $155.00.



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RAILWAY CO.
TIBURON FERRY—FOOT OF MARKET ST.

San Francisco to San Rafael.
WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:00 A.M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P.M. Thursdays—Ext a trip at 11:30 P.M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1.50 and 11:30 P.M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11 A.M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P.M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.
WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:10 A.M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P.M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:30 P.M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A.M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:30 6:25 P.M.
Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park—Same schedule as above.

Special Saturday to Monday Train Service.
SATURDAYS—Leave San Francisco at 5:10 P.M.; arrive at Cloverdale at 8:35 P.M.
SUNDAYS—Leave San Francisco at 5:00 P.M.; arrive at Cloverdale at 8:35 P.M.
SUNDAYS—Leave Cloverdale at 6:45 A.M.; arrive at San Francisco at 10:40 A.M.
MONDAYS—Leave Cloverdale at 5 A.M.; arrive at San Francisco at 8:50 A.M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days.	Leave San Francisco. Sun-Days.	In Effect April 15, '94. Destination.	Arrive San Francisco. Sun-Days.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7.40 am	8.00 am	Novato	10.40 am	8.50 am
3.30 pm	9.30 am	Petaluma	6.05 pm	10.30 am
5.10 pm	5.00 pm	Santa Rosa	7.30 pm	6.15 pm
7.40 am	8.00 am	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Geyserville, Cloverdale, Pieta, Hopland, Ukiah	7.30 pm	10.30 am, 6.15 pm
7.40 am	8.00 am	Guerneville	7.30 pm	10.30 am, 6.15 m
3.30 pm				
7.40 am	8.00 am	Sonoma	10.40 am	8.50 am
5.10 pm	5.00 pm	Glen Ellen	6.05 pm	6.15 pm
7.40 am	8.00 am	Sebastopol	10.40 am	10.30 am
3.30 pm	5.00 pm		6.05 pm	6.15 pm

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs.
Stages connect at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala and Point Arena.
Stages connect at Cloverdale for the Geysers
Stages connect at Pieta for Hopland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport and Bartlett Springs.
Stages connect at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Usal, Westport, Cahto, Willetts, Calpella, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Gravelly Valley, Harris, Blocksburg, Bridgeville, Hydesville and Eureka.
Saturday to Monday round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
On Sundays Round-trip tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.
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RAILROAD TIME TABLE.
SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY
(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)
TRAINS LEAVE AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT
SAN FRANCISCO.
From May 5, 1894.

Leave		Arrive
7:00A	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	6:45A
7:00A	Benicia, Vacaville, §Rumsey, Sacramento and Redding, via Davis	7:15P
7:30A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa	6:15P
8:30A	Niles, San Jose, Los Banos, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and *Oroville	4:15P
9:00A	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	5:45P
9:00A	Martinez and Stockton	10:45A
*9:00A	Peters and Milton	*7:15P
12:30P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore	8:45A
*1:00P	Sacramento River Steamers	*9:00P
4:00P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15A
4:00P	Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, §§Rumsey, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10:45A
4:30P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Fresno	7:15P
4:30P	Raymond (for Yosemite)	10:45A
5:00P	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	10:45A
5:00P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	10:45A
6:00P	European Mail, Ogden and East	9:45A
6:00P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45A
‡7:00P	Vallejo	‡7:45P
7:00P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	10:45A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge.)

‡7:45A	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton and Santa Cruz	‡8:05P
8:15A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	6:20P
*2:45P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations	*11:50A
4:45P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9:50A

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.).

*6:45A	San Jose, New Almaden and Way Stations	*1:45P
‡7:30A	San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	‡8:33
8:15A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations	6:26P
‡9:38P	Palo Alto and Way Stations	‡1:45P
10:10A	San Jose and Way Stations	5:06P
12:01P	Palo Alto and Way Stations	3:30P
*2:20P	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove	*10:40A
*3:30P	San Jose and Principal Way Sta'ns	9:47A
*4:25P	Palo Alto and Way Stations	*8:06A
5:10P	San Jose and Way Stations	*8:48A
6:30P	Palo Alto and Way Stations	6:35A
‡11:45P	Palo Alto & Principal Way Sta'ns	‡7:26P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.
From San Francisco—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8.)—*7:00 *8:00 9:00 *10:00 11:00 A.M. *12:30 1:00 *2:00 3:00 *4:00 5:00 *6:00 P.M.
From Oakland—Foot of Broadway—*6:00 *7:00 8:00 *9:00 10:00 *11:00 A.M. ‡12:00 M *12:30 2:00 *3:00 4:00 *5:00 P.M.
A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
*Sundays excepted. ‡Saturdays only. §Sundays only
§ Monday, Wednesday and Friday only.
§§ Going—Saturday and Sunday only. Returning—Sunday and Monday only.

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